

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 26, 1976

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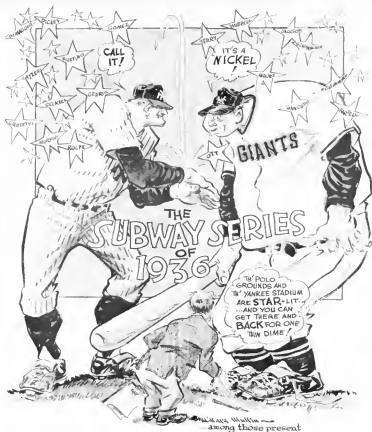
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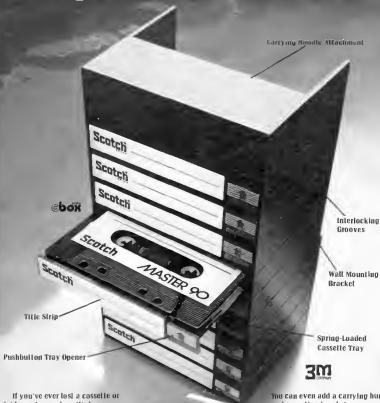


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Next Week

THE WINTER GAMES of 1976 promise to be better, if not bigger, than ever. While the teams head for Innsbruck, our preview sets the scene and tells where the medals are likely to go.

CROSBY'S CLAMBAKE offers the usual host of divot-digging celebs matching strokes with Jack Nicklaus. Dan Jenkins will watch the misfortunes of those who never make the leader board.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAVIER

LOF A GAME

In writing last week about the Pittsburgh-Dallas contretemps in Miami, the *Boston Globe's* Ray Fitzgerald asked, "In 2016, will football's biggest game be known as Super Bowl L?"

OLYMPIC BLUES

Knifing through the usual reports of Olympic delays and complaints and re-nominations came a blunt statement from Canada last week: the Olympic Installations Board will meet next week to decide whether or not the Games will take place this summer in Montreal.

That depressing announcement received comparatively little attention, probably because everyone assumes the board's decision will be to go ahead, but it is nonetheless stunning. The unthinkable is suddenly possible. The Olympics may indeed be canceled. Even if the Games do get a green light, it is startling to learn that those entrusted to put the Olympics on could seriously contemplate abandoning them only six months before they are due to begin.

How can anyone suggest such a possibility? The answer, obviously, is money. Inflation. Cost overruns. Labor unrest. The Olympics are costing Montreal and Canada a fortune.

Growing increasingly top-heavy over the years, the whole Olympic idea has been turned upside down. What is supposed to be the most stimulating amateur athletic competition in the world has sagged into a morass of commercialism. COJO, the Olympic organizing committee, endorses products the way professional athletes do. TV contracts, extravagant designs for arenas, outside expenditures on construction, tricky financial maneuvers to raise the enormous sums needed to pay for the timely trappings—all these take precedence over the athletes. The essential idea of the Games is lost behind an accountant's ledger, just as some people feel the competition itself is too often obscured by the ceremonies, the Olympic hymn, the pretentious lighting

of the flame. The athletes have become little more than actors in a gaudy show, the primary purpose of which seems to be to entertain crowds and generate publicity and revenue for the host country.

This is backward. The athletes come first. Sport comes first. Competition comes first. What difference does it make if the tower on Montreal's elaborate stadium is not ready? What about a more important question: Is the track ready? Can races be run? Can high jumpers jump? Can javelin throwers throw? Is there a pool where swimmers can swim?

An Olympic athletic really needs only three things: a place to sleep, a place to eat and a place to compete. Since his basic expenses—travel, room and board—are paid for by his own country, why is it necessary to spend so much money on stage settings?

Montreal is a blessing in disguise. Critics have been saying for years that the Olympics should be simplified. Perhaps necessity will make this the time. Competition, yes. Show biz, no.

GOOD AND EARLY

This season college football's No. 1 team was not determined until the bowl games brought defeat to Ohio State and victory to Oklahoma. Now Western football enthusiasts are asserting that the next championship may well be settled as early as Sept. 11, when the two best teams (they say) of 1975 meet in Tempe, Ariz. Which teams? Why, Arizona State and UCLA, of course.

MEAN HENRY

The National Football League's epic \$10,000 essay contest on "The NFL's Role in American History" is over at last, and a 16-year-old girl named Anna Jane Leider has won the grand prize with a well-written analysis of the way pro football reflects American values. NFL officials said the number of entries was low and conceded there would have been more favorable publicity—or, at any rate, fewer guffaws—if the subject had

been altered slightly to "The NFL's Role in American Sports History."

Well, whatever, it's done, and for our money Miss Leider's theory about reflected values was borne out by a typo in a *Philadelphia Daily News* story relating her victory that included a disparaging comment about the contest from Henry Steele Commager. The *Daily News* referred to the distinguished historian as Henry Steeler Commager.

YOU MAY THINK THIS IS THE END

Radio station KMBR in San Francisco also put on a contest this pro football season in which listeners were asked to guess how many times during the Oakland Raiders' regular-season schedule Broadcaster Bill King (SI, May 12) would exclaim "Holy Toledo!" A total of 14 KMBR listeners guessed the right number (27), among them Charles King, no relation to Bill, who won a tie-breaker drawing and first prize. First prize was four days and three nights in Toledo, Ohio, not Spain.

Toledo radio station WOHO, perhaps reacting indignantly, put on its own competition, an essay contest on the subject "What Toledo Means to Me." This failed to grab one listener, who responded by phoning, not locally to WOHO but long-distance to KMBR. He wanted to know what the winner would find to do in Toledo for four days. The caller himself had lived there all his life, he told KMBR, and he still didn't know what to do in Toledo.

About the only consolation WOHO has is that KMBR's second prize was not eight days in Toledo.

WOMEN'S WAY

While the NCAA battled it out in St. Louis last week (page 52), the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women held its third Delegate Assembly in Scottsdale, Ariz. Last year the AIAW, which has 713 active member colleges and universities (compared to the NCAA's 704) fought off a takeover by the NCAA. Now it has turned its attention to a restructuring plan called Women's Athletics—A Search for Sanity. The plan includes such ideas as having a student on the AIAW executive and appeals boards, treating intercollegiate athletics as an educational activity subject to the same standards as other college-sponsored activities and giving universities more autonomy in controlling their own

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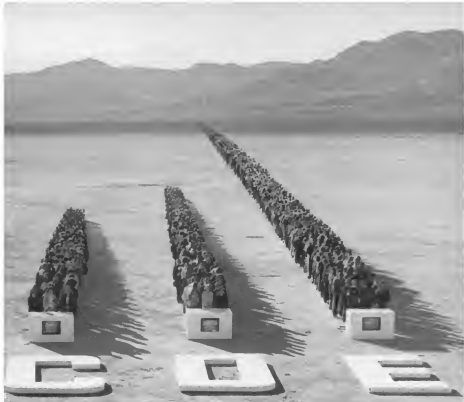


BRAND A
(133 votes)

BRAND B
(223 votes)

THE RESULTS

The new RCA XL-100 ColorTrak System won big in a TV picture preference test. The competitors? Top of the line models of the five leading console brands. ColorTrak won by more than 2½ to 1 over any of the other brands.



The photo above is a dramatization of the test results.

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(385 votes)

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(1005 votes)

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programs. These particular proposals were passed by the assembly. They are obviously an implied criticism of the way the NCAA does things. Says Donna Lopiano, Director of Women's Athletics at the University of Texas, "The rules in the 230-page NCAA manual are unenforceable, and require policemen rather than educators to be a dominant part of its staff. An alternative is needed."

The assembly also passed a resolution calling on the NCAA and all other groups governing intercollegiate athletics to join the AIAW in limiting athletic scholarships to tuition and fees, eliminating free room and board and books. The proposal does not insist on "need" as a requirement for an athletic scholarship, but the AIAW believes it would stop schools from luring athletes with the promise of a "full ride," and thus save money. "It's a break with tradition," says one women's athletic director. "For once the AIAW is playing the role of the locomotive instead of the caboose."

LAST FRAME

Bill Bowers of Pennsville, N.J. was a dedicated bowler, if ever one lived. Despite a chronically bad heart, he regularly competed in 10 different bowling leagues, substituted on other teams whenever the chance arose and spent a good part of his remaining time bowling practice games.

Bowers died recently, and his wife, the kind of understanding spouse every bowler dreams of, fulfilled a wish her husband had often expressed. Tucked away under the funeral blanket when the casket was closed was Bowers' bowling ball.

TRIPLE THREAT

Ed Jucker can boast that he is the only man ever to coach the No. 1 basketball team in the nation on three levels: professional, major-college (Division I) and small-college (Division II). Back in 1961 and 1962 Jucker guided the University of Cincinnati to back-to-back NCAA championships. During the 1967-68 season, when he was coaching the Cincinnati Royals, he had them up there in the NBA lead in the early part of the schedule. And last week his Reims College Tars were voted No. 1 in the NCAA's first weekly ratings of Division II teams.

Oddly, a defeat rather than a victory helped lift the Tars into that exalted spot. A week ago Saturday night Rollins, 9-1 then, went against nationally ranked mar-

jon-power North Carolina State. For 36 minutes the Tars, who used only six players, led State, and it was not until late in the game that the Wolfpack pulled ahead to win 79-75. That fine performance against a top Division I school impressed the voters.

Jucker, 55, seems to enjoy coaching more than ever. "The intensity for me is about the same here as it was at the University of Cincinnati and in the pros," he says, "but the difference is that here there is no pressure other than what I put on myself. When I came here, they certainly did not tell me that we would have to win the national championship." Then, smiling, he adds, "However, it is a fact that no coach has ever won titles in both NCAA divisions."

ONLY GAME IN TOWN

A retired Maryland state police captain with the impressive name of Menasha E. Katz may be the most loyal customer of that state's weekly lottery. When the legal numbers game opened for business in May 1973, he began spending about \$20 a week buying 50¢ tickets, and he maintained that brisk pace to the end of the year despite expenditures of about \$700 and winnings of exactly nothing. No, not exactly nothing. He did win \$10 in a newspaper's Lucky Losers game, but spent most of that to pay the fine on a parking ticket he received when he was mosey picking up his prize.

The 70-year-old optimist has since shortened sail a bit. He says he now averages between \$5 and \$15 a week on lottery tickets. And he has won a few times, if you can call it that. He estimates his total investment at about \$2,400, his return at about \$100.

Maryland's lottery slogan is "You gotta play to win." Captain Katz says, "All I know is, I can't win." But he gotta play.

COLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE

A man named Pete Enich displayed rare courage recently when he wrote a story on college football fight songs for *The Kansas City Kansan*. Enich, who has absolute faith in his own musical taste, not only picked the top 10 collegiate songs in the U.S., he added a list of the 10 worst.

The best song, he says, is *The Victors* (Michigan), with *I'm a Jayhawk* (Kansas) second, *Memorata Rouse* (Minnesota) is third, something called *Mr. Touchdown USA* (no school) fourth. After that, in order, come *On Mizion* (Mis-

souri), *On Wincowin* (Wisconsin), *Fight On* (USC), *There Is No Place Like Nebraska* (Nebraska), *Across the Field* (Ohio State) and *Washington and Lee Swing* (W&L).

The worst pep song, says Enich, is *Yee, Alabama!* (Alabama), followed by *The Eyes of Texas* (Texas). After that it's *I'm a Corn Souer* (Iowa), *I've Been Working on the Railroad* (Colorado), *Wildcat Fight Song* (Kansas State), *Boola Boola* (Yale), *The Shroud Golden Bear* (California), *The Cardinal Is Waring* (Stanford), *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain* (SMU) and *The Olive and the Blue* (Tulane).

Beyond the charge of creeping provincialism—among Enich's 20 songs, good and bad, are 10 from the Big Eight and Big Ten—some querulous criticism has arisen. An indignant Texan wants to know why *Eyes of* is the second-worst song and *I've Been Working* only fourth when they have the same tune. Colorado says it isn't its fight song, anyway. A Yale man, not disagreeing with Enich's low opinion of *Boola Boola*, asks if Pete has ever heard *Bulldog, Bulldog, Bow Bow How*, which was written by Cole Porter and has been called the best college song ever. And there is a Midwestern school named Notre something that has a tune people sometimes sing.

THEY SAID IT

- R.R.M. (Ruly) Carpenter III, president of the Philadelphia Phillies: "I'm going to write a book, *How to Make a Small Fortune in Baseball*. You start with a large fortune."
- Bowie Kuhn, baseball commissioner, at a press conference closing the baseball meetings in Arizona: "If you'll excuse us, we all have planes to catch to various courts around the country."
- Monte Clark, new coach of the San Francisco 49ers, discussing Kingsburg, Calif., where he played high school ball: "It's a very small town. It's so small, in fact, that the No. 1 industry there is taking bottles back to the store."
- Al Conover, former head football coach at Rice: "I'm going to be a hog farmer. After some of the things I've been through, I regard it as a step up."
- Stephen Graves, at 77 the top-ranked tennis player in the 75-and-over division, looking to his future challengers: "An awful lot of good younger guys are coming up. There's that Clarence Chaffee, who just turned 75."

END

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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 26, 1976

DALLAS FEELS THE STEELER CRUNCH

Caught between the man-eating Pittsburgh defense and the pass-catching wizardry of Lynn Swann, the Cowboys fell just short in their gallant bid for a Super Bowl upset

by DAN JENKINS





For all of those gaudy things that happened throughout the afternoon, memories of the 1976 Super Bowl will keep going back to the Pittsburgh Steelers' Lynn Swann climbing into the air like the boy in the Indian rope trick, and coming down with the football. He didn't come down with very many passes last Sunday, really, only four, but he caught the ones that truly mattered. That is why it will seem that he spent the day way up there in the crisp sky, a thousand feet above Miami's Orange Bowl, where neither the Dallas Cowboys nor even a squadron of fighter planes could do anything to stop him. When it was all over Lynn Swann and the Steelers had won 21-17 and had repeated as the champions of professional madness.

The thinking beforehand was that Pittsburgh could win this game only if Franco Harris trampled over and through a thing called the flex defense of the intellectual Cowboys who, in the meantime, on offense, would do enough weird things to the hard-hat Steelers to capture the day and write a perfect finish to their storybook season. Essentially Dallas stopped Harris, however, and the winning of Super Bowl X was left up to Swann and the indomitable Terry Bradshaw, who seems to collect concussions and championship rings with equal facility. Just for good measure there also was a defense that could probably take apart an attacking tank battalion if it had to. But mainly it was Swann, keeping Pittsburgh in a game that looked to be swaying, early on, toward the underdog Cowboys. It was Swann, soaring above the Cowboys' Mark Washington at the sideline, who fielded a Bradshaw pass of

continued

Greenwood bleats Streubach, sacked seven times by Pittsburgh, a Super Bowl record.



Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh's overbearing terror, holds the upper hand on Preston Pearson.

CRUNCH continued

32 yards and made the drive that put Pittsburgh back in the contest late in the first quarter. Until then Dallas had done everything but cause the Orange Bowl flops to disappear.

And in the fourth quarter it was Swann who would make the biggest catch of the day, a 64-yard touchdown heave from Bradshaw, who didn't realize until much later, after his head stopped rattling, that he had passed for a touchdown. This was the play that put the Steelers safely ahead 21-10. Only a few impossible last-minute deeds by the Cowboys could have changed the outcome of Super Bowl X, and though they were dead game and scored one more touchdown they just were not quite a good enough football team to pull it off.

That last catch of Swann's has to be dwelled on, for it had Super Bowl trophy and \$15,000 to each Steeler written all over it. There was so much to the play—so much that could have happened, and so much that did. It ended with Swann catching a rocket from Bradshaw that traveled at least 70 yards in the air, Swann jumping and taking it on the Dallas five-yard line and gliding in for the touchdown, and Bradshaw bare-

ly conscious on the ground after being decked by Cliff Harris on a safety blitz. For those who collect trivia, the name of the play was a "69 Maximum Flanker Post."

The play began with the Steelers trying to protect a lead of 15-10 with just over three minutes left in the game. It was third down and four to go at the Steeler 36, and Dallas wanted the football badly. There was still plenty of time for Roger Staubach and Drew Pearson to conjure up some of that witchcraft they used on the Minnesota Vikings.

Perhaps we'll never know what possessed Bradshaw to call 69 Maximum Flanker Post when the world had a right to expect Pittsburgh to try only for the first down, the percentage move to keep the ball. It may be that Bradshaw is not as dumb as it has become numbingly popular for his critics to suggest. One could certainly say he remembered Swann at just the right time.

So instead of giving the ball to Franco Harris, Bradshaw faded back to throw the long one—a wild gamble, it appeared. Alas, Dallas had figured it properly: the blitz was on, and D.D. Lewis came

storming at Bradshaw from his blind side, with Cliff Harris right behind him. For a fleeting instant it seemed that Lewis would reach the quarterback before he could release the ball, causing either a sack or a fumble. But Bradshaw, possibly just sensing Lewis, took a step to his right. Lewis missed him by a hair. That gave Bradshaw enough time to unload the pass.

In the next instant Cliff Harris destroyed Bradshaw with a whack the 80,197 in the stadium might have heard if their attention had not been turned to the flight of the ball and the blur of Swann's footrace with the Cowboys' Mark Washington. Washington will have to live with the knowledge that he covered Swann as well as anyone could have but could not leap as high or as deftly at the right time.

Finally, it was a beautifully thrown



When the smoke had settled after the bomb to Swann, Lambert joyfully boosted the hero.

ball, a perfectly run pass route and a marvelous catch, all three at the most splendid moment—for Pittsburgh—of a rather important football game.

Players who are involved in such heroics seldom have much to say afterwards that would give them more meaning. Swann said, "All I did was run under the ball." He thought for a moment and figured there must be more to it than that. He remembered that earlier, referring to another pass, Cliff Harris had told him, "You're lucky you didn't come back on that ball because I'm gonna take a shot at you. You better watch your head."

Intimidation. The Cowboys had planned to be intimidating in this game, something the Steelers are famous for. And the Cowboys were at first, not just with their tricks and execution but with enough hard hitting that they led 10-7 through three full quarters of play.



Blocking Heapes' punt, Harrison (left) sent the ball out of the end zone for a safety.



Swann's head was as much a factor as his hands and speedy legs. It was not even known whether he would be able to play in the Super Bowl because of a mild concussion he had suffered in the American Conference title game against Oakland. "I honestly didn't know until a couple of minutes before the kickoff whether I'd play," he said. "I felt fine and I wanted to, but I wasn't sure I would." Coach Chuck Noll was sure, just as sure as he was that the Steelers could not beat the Cowboys without throwing.

As for Bradshaw, he could only try to recall what reality was like. "I got hit right here," he said, pointing to his left cheek. "They were coming. I could feel them coming. I don't know how I got the ball off. I was hearing bells or something on the ground."

Bradshaw did not know what he had wrought. People bent over him as he lay there, but he wasn't hearing them. They told him when they led him to the sideline. They told him when they sat him down, and a couple of minutes later they were telling him again that he had done this terrific thing as they walked him toward the dressing room.

"I was in the locker room and the game was just about over when I understood it," said Bradshaw.

There were enough bizarre events throughout the game to daze the most ardent fan. Dallas took a 7-0 lead, the touchdown resulting from a blunder on the part of Bobby Walden, the Steelers' punter. He had a good snap from center and he simply dropped it. The Cowboys' rush blanketed him and it was Dallas' ball at the Steeler 29. In one play the Cowboys scored, and the way they did it suggested that Coach Tom Landry had something very sinister in store for the Steelers for the rest of the afternoon. Drew Pearson ran a crossing pattern over the middle and was wide open. Staubach laid the ball in beautifully and it was six points. The Steelers' safety, Mike Wagner, who claimed the fault was his because he misread the play, would have his revenge later.

Pittsburgh tied it up 7-7, with Bradshaw starting on his 33 and giving the ball to Harris and Rocky Bleier, who nibbled away to the Dallas 48. Then came a 32-yard pass to Swann down the right sideline, on which he made his first award-winning catch of the day, one more carry each by Bleier and Harris to the Dallas seven, and finally a scoring pass to Tight End Randy Grossman.

Dallas came back with a field goal by Toni Fritsch to go into the lead 10-7.

continued



Although the Cowboys kept Franco out of the end zone all afternoon, he rushed for 82 yards.

could have been 10-10 at the half, but Pittsburgh's Roy Gerela missed a field goal that wasted Swann's next sensational performance, a tumbling, juggling catch of a 53-yard Bradshaw bomb.

It was not until the fourth quarter that either team scored again. This time it was two points for Pittsburgh as Reggie Harrison flashed in to block Mitch Hoopes' punt, slamming the ball out of the end zone for a safety. Dallas 10, Pittsburgh 9. The Steelers finally went ahead when Gerela, who by then had missed another field goal, knocked one through from the 26-yard line.

So it was a 12-10 game, with less than half of the final quarter left, when Wagner got his revenge. Staubach dropped back from his 15 to try the same type of pass Drew Pearson had caught for the touchdown. Wagner reacted as if he and Staubach had concocted the play together. He lurked just out of Pearson's sight, and when the ball arrived Wagner slipped in front of him, picked it off and went screaming down to the Dallas seven. To the credit of the Dallas defense, it held the Steelers to Gerela's second field goal, but Pittsburgh was now ahead 15-10 and never lost the lead. Next came Swann's dramatic touchdown catch to make it 21-10, followed by a Staubach to Percy Howard pass of 34 yards, which concluded the scoring at 21-17.

As for all that mischief in the waning moments of the game, it started when the Steelers decided to use up time by running on fourth down instead of punting. But the clock stopped when Dallas took over near midfield, leaving 1:22 to play and giving Staubach and Drew Pearson an excellent chance to produce their old miracle. The Steelers' weird decision may best be explained by a little scene that was taking place in a booth upstairs. A frantic Pittsburgh assistant coach began hollering at Art McNally, the NFL's Supervisor of Officials. From the opposite side of a plexiglass divider covered with brown paper he shouted something on the order of, "The clock stopped, McNally! Hey, McNally, they're not running the clock!"

To which McNally calmly replied, "The clock always stops when the ball changes hands." Evidently the Steeler brain trust was so pleased that Dallas had used up all of its time-outs on defense that they had forgotten the rule, and now they could only be aghast at their folly.

And that is really what gave Dallas its last chance to take the game back from Lynn Swann.

Even without the excitement on the field, there were enough trappings to make the game memorable—for one thing, it was surely the first time a press box ever had Raquel Welch hanging around in it. But the Cowboys, apparently determined to start things off with a flair, had the audacity to run a reverse on the opening kickoff. Preston Pearson handed the ball off to Tom Henderson, an ebullient special-team rookie, and after Henderson had galloped 48 yards right past the Steelers' bench, everyone knew this was going to break the mold of those Super Bowls of the past.

Dallas started right off doing things that enraged the Steelers' emotional leader, Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert. "They mess up your head too much," Lambert had said before the game. "If they beat you, you feel like you've been tricked instead of whipped. I hate teams like that."

For most of the afternoon Lambert looked as if he hated everybody in white. The Steelers didn't draw a penalty the entire game, but it was not because Lambert didn't try, particularly on one very visible occasion. Gerela had missed a field goal in the second quarter and Dallas' Cliff Harris was so pleased by this development that he slapped Lambert on the helmet and then said thank you to Gerela. No one could tell whether it was a playful pat on Lambert's helmet, but they did see Lambert grab Harris and throw him down.

Referee Norm Schachter stepped in and began moving Lambert backwards, warning him that he had better cool off. "I smiled," Lambert said, thereby revealing a facet of his character hitherto well masked. This was the same Lambert who earned the reputation of being the best and meanest of the game's linebackers, and it is the same Lambert who mentioned he did not like the place where the Steelers were headquartered in Miami, as compared to where the Cowboys were staying, which was at a beach-front hotel in Fort Lauderdale. "I hope the sharks eat Staubach," he said.

In the end it wasn't the sharks that got Roger Staubach but the Pittsburgh defense. Some of the old heroes of their front four, like L.C. Greenwood and Dwight White, led the assault that sacked



A dazed Brodeur was in the locker room before he realized his pass had won the game.

Staubach seven times. That happened to be a Super Bowl record as was the 161 yards that Swann accumulated on his four pass receptions. Just as important, Staubach was harrassed considerably on a few other occasions and could not move his team as successfully as he had been able to in the early going.

It was somewhat in character for the Cowboys not to realize what a spectacle the game had been. They reacted to the loss with a humor and graciousness that reflects Landry's control of the squad.

"I don't care what kind of catch a guy makes if he beats me," Mark Washington said. "Swann just beat me one time too many."

Staubach said, "We had our chances. Overall, Pittsburgh is the best, but it was a good season."

"Was it exciting?" Jean Fugett said. "I guess it was. I guess maybe we can't play a dull game."

Neither can Lynn Swann. And the combination of Dallas being there and Swann rising to the occasion—up, up and away—made it something for everybody in Miami to take home to think about until next year. Who said the Super Bowl is dull?

END



Chuck Noll finds his Super wins super.

FRESH RAPIDS ON THE OLD RARITAN

For most of its 210 years Rutgers has been outside the mainstream of sport but the current Knights are unbeaten and rising—fast by LARRY KEITH

Rutgers is fast, very fast. Get the ball, break downcourt, pass, shoot, score. Press, steal, score again. The Scarlet Knights have turned their basketball schedule into a relay race and lapped their first 13 opponents. They are quick of hand, fleet of foot and swifter than the Old Raritan.

When the Knights are not attacking an opponent from one direction, they come from another, scoring 97.2 points a game on offense and forcing 27 turnovers on defense. After Boston College absorbed a 105-82 licking at home last month, Eagle Coach Bob Zuffelato said he had never seen a faster team.

Other coaches are not too sure what the blur was. A game can be in doubt, when suddenly Rutgers revs up and starts burning rubber, turning close contests into routs (23 points is its average margin of victory) and leaving skid marks up and down the court. "It's just a matter of time before it happens," says playmaker Ed Jordan. "When it does, it's fun just to watch," adds reserve Guard Mark Conlin. "Like going to the circus," concludes Assistant Coach Joe Boylan.

Led by All-America candidate Phil Sellers, the Scarlet Knights already have broken the school single-game scoring record with 119 points against Seton Hall and won Rutgers' first tournament ever, the Poinsettia Classic. With a schedule that does not include an opponent in the current Top 20, the Knights also have a good chance for their first unbeaten regular season. As for the NCAA tournament, Penn Coach Chuck Doly was boosting Rutgers for the final four even before his Quakers were blitzed 95-80.

This kind of get-up-and-go excitement is long overdue at the New Brunswick, N.J. university. Only 17 miles from Princeton, it has suffered a sub-Ivy inferiority complex for most of its 210 years. And despite its long history, Rutgers' athletic accomplishments are sur-

prisingly few. It did host the first college football game, against Princeton in 1869, but the site of that grand occasion is now a parking lot. Similarly, the nearby birthplace of alumnus Joyce Kilmer is an American Legion hall. (I think that I shall never boast: My home is now the Legion post.)

Rutgers had maintained such a low profile athletically that when Coach Tom Young arrived from American University in 1973 he did not realize that it was New Jersey's state university. "I just knew it had a great location for recruiting," he says.

That location—halfway between the basketball hotbeds of New York and Philadelphia—seldom has been exploited. From 1950 to 1965 the Knights enjoyed only one winning basketball season. There have been 10 straight, 500-plus years since then, with the greatest success coming after Young's arrival.

He coached Rutgers to 18 victories and an NIT bid in his first year, and 22 wins and the school's first NCAA invitation the next. But Young's public recognition has lagged behind his accomplishments. He played and roomed with All-American Gene Shue at the University of Maryland and, following an interruption for Army service, returned to co-captain the Terps to their only ACC championship in 1958. He spent the next 15 years coaching in the Washington area, starting as the 24-year-old head man at Catholic University, returning to Maryland for two seasons as an assistant and finishing at American.

Young has guided his teams to 248 victories in 388 games, clinging all the while to any old towel he can find and usually

Jordan's steal at Fordham is typical of the 27 turnovers per game caused by Rutgers' press.



squatting in front of the bench. It may look funny but it works.

So does his lenient attitude toward his players. The Scarlet Knights may stay out late, grow beards, stuff the ball in practice and even drink beer on the team bus after games. His coaching philosophy also suits them. "The players got excited about full-court pressure defense when they realized it was the quickest way they could get the ball back and score again," Young says.

Young learned the virtues of all-out aggressiveness the hard way, during a 91-78 NCAA tournament loss to Louisville last season. Convinced, he adopted the Cardinals' high-energy style for his own. Now the Scarlet Knights come on like greyhounds, not bothered at all by their lack of muscle and inconsistent outside shooting.

They have more talent than size. The only starter taller than 6'5" is Center Jim Bailey, a 6'9½" freshman who provides valuable rebounding and shot-blocking. Another frosh, 6'7" Abdel Anderson, does the same coming off the

bench. Sellers and Mike Dabney, both four-year starters, are the top scorers with 21.7- and 18.8-point averages. Jordan, a 6'1" junior, a 14.3 scorer and the team leader in assists, is a defensive harasser who reminds one pro coach of the Chicago Bulls' combative Norm Van Lier. And Young thinks that sophomore Hollis Copeland, averaging 12.8 points, could be the school's best player ever before he is through.

He will have to go some to outclass Sellers, who is enjoying his fourth season as the team's leading scorer and rebounder and his first as a nice guy. The 6'5" forward is taking it easy on referees, opponents and teammates, he says, because he wants to impress the pros with his maturity. Unfortunately, not everyone is getting the message. "I don't know if I can recommend him," one scout says. "He's a good player and he works hard, but there's still a lot of bad boy in him." In a recent game Sellers showed just how much by making a steal and laughing at his opponent before scoring a layup. But his teammates see a difference, and it's a welcome one. "When I was a freshman, Phil got on me so often it was scary," says Conlin. "Now he's less critical."

Sellers has improved his game as well as his behavior. He is finally playing defense, and he is so impressed by his teammates' talents that he is willing to share the offensive load—and the credit. Three other starters have earned game-scoring honors at least once this year, and in Rutgers' toughest test so far this season, a seven-point win over Georgia Tech, it was Dabney who led with 30 points.

Young knows he was fortunate to inherit both Sellers and Dabney as sophomores, but he also feels the players he has recruited will continue Rutgers' success. "At Catholic and American I couldn't even talk to the top high school stars," Young says, "and if an ACC team became interested in anyone I wanted, I started looking elsewhere. Now I'll compete for players with anybody. Look at this newspaper," he says, pointing to a story that headlined a recent visit he made to a New Jersey town. "Now it means something when the Rutgers coach comes to see a kid play."

It can mean even more when the Rutgers team comes to town, as a couple of New York City opponents have learned lately. While Young crouched



Young's ubiquitous towel is not for crying.

on the sideline shouting instructions through his Linus towel, the Knights scorched Fordham 93-55 and Columbia 94-65. "That's as nasty as our defense has been all year," he said after the Fordham game. Following the Columbia win, Young praised his offense, which had raced to a 61-31 lead at halftime. "That's absurd," he said. "No team should be able to do that in 20 minutes."

Rutgers was back home last weekend, defeating Bucknell 105-82. Although largely a repetition of earlier victories, it did take on special significance when Sellers, who had 19 points, set a school career scoring record of 2,047.

All three games featured significant contributions by Anderson, Conlan and the other reserves, something Rutgers rarely got last season. And that becomes increasingly important as the Knights look ahead to the tougher opposition they will face in the NCAA tournament; a team that routinely runs so hard demands bench strength. Young is now so confident of his subs that he lets his starters take themselves out when they tire.

"I keep expecting us to let up, but so far it hasn't happened," says Young. "I guess the players are enjoying themselves too much to slow down."

If that is true, it is the ideal incentive, the one all coaches seek. "We came into this game looking for a blowout," said Jordan after the Fordham victory. "That's what we always want."

And, so far, have gotten.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY MILLER



A LONG SHOT RIGHT ON TARGET

Geoff Capes is hardly favored to win in the Olympics—who ever heard of a good English shotputter?—but the burly policeman's performance last week in Los Angeles indicates that he may well cop a medal

by JOE JARES



Capes' style is conventional and his bulk is genuine, a distinct advantage in his event.

Since British police officer Geoff Capes stands 6'6", weighs in the vicinity of 300 pounds and is proficient at judo, one can safely assume that in his home village of Brampton, not far from Cambridge University, would-be troublemakers wisely choose to cross only at the corner. Capes is not only built like a buffalo, but he could probably consume one for dinner and still have room for two helpings of English trifle, so it is a good thing that neither the Cambridgeshire constabulary nor Capes himself is entirely responsible for his grocery bills. A dairy company provides him with three quarts of milk a day and a national chain of butcher shops supplies three pounds of steak daily. The merchants are being patriotic, you see, for Capes, in addition to his duties as a cop, happens to be the

best shotputter in the history of the United Kingdom.

It would be far more impressive, admittedly, if Capes were the best seaman or best actor or best rock guitarist, for Great Britain has not been blessed with heavies of the shot and whippers of the discus. Capes is exceptionally good, however, as U.S. track and field fans first learned two weeks ago at the National Invitational meet in College Park, Md., where he defeated Al Feuerbach. Last Friday night Capes did it again, winning at the Sunkist Invitational in the Los Angeles Sports Arena with a put of 68' 10", a new British Commonwealth and European indoor record.

In the 18 modern Olympiads, starting with the Athens Games in 1896, the U.S. has dominated the shotput, winning 15

gold medals (Ralph Rose and Parry O'Brien won two apiece). Finland, Germany and Poland each have won one. Britain, where track and field is called "athletics," has not won a medal since 1908, so Capes is not being falsely modest when he calls himself a dark horse.

"I reckon it's going to be really tough for me to win a gold medal in the Olympics," he said after the L.A. meet. "I think I'm an outsider because, let's face it, a British athlete putting the shot and winning the Olympic Games? . . . I'm here to remedy that, you know, and to put it right."

"My personal record indoors was 68' 9", so 68' 10"—at least it's an inch in the right direction, you know. I think, with the next five meetings, it's going to go as well as it's gone today. I'm hoping for longer things, not bigger things."

"My coach said, 'Irrespective of the distance, of how far you throw over there, you just have a good time training.' It's raining in the U.K. It's wet and windy and terrible. I came over here, first, to train and, second, to compete, but it seems to be turning the other way around. It's working well together."

Capes will spend 5½ weeks competing in the U.S., representing the Enfield Club, near London. He trains with an extraordinary group of weightmen who live in and around San Jose—pro Brian Oldfield, who is preparing for the TV *Superstars* competition; discus thrower John Powell, like Capes, a policeman; Feuerbach, who finished a disappointing fourth in the Sunkist; and Ron Semkiw of San Jose State. Capes' wife and two children stayed home.

The son of a Lincolnshire farmer, Capes, 26, worked on the farm until he was 19, at which point he followed his grandfather, uncle and three older brothers into police work. He walked a beat and worked out of a patrol car for a few years and now is a physical education instructor for other police officers. Normally he prefers to train in seclusion, locked away in a police gymnasium, much in the manner of George Woods, who is skipping the indoor season and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG

will emerge from his Edwardsville, Ill., cocoon in April to compete in outdoor meets leading up to the Montreal Games. Woods probably will be the Olympic favorite, but Capes is not far behind in potential, says his coach, Stuart Storey, once an imported hurdler at Western Kentucky.

The Sunkist was a good showcase not only for Capes but for a lot of other people. The Sports Arena was packed with more than 13,000 fans—a few hundred latecomers were turned away—and if the orange-and-lemon-striped track didn't remind everyone of the sponsor's citrus products, the barrels of oranges sitting in the infield put an exclamation point on the plug. Among the broomstick limbs of the distance runners and the slender legs and muscular torsos of the pole vaulters, the bulky Capes stood out in his gray sweat shirt and dark beard, which he grew in 1970 to keep the shot from irritating his neck. He looked something like a giant Pluto among a throng of Popeyes and Olive Oyls.

Two of the biggest names in U.S. track,

Frank Shorter and Marty Liquori, were on hand, and both were beaten. Shorter, running the two-mile, lost to Paul Cummings of the Beverly Hills Striders, Cummings winning easily in a creditable 8:29.6. Liquori, who is pointing toward the 5,000 in Montreal, ran the mile in Los Angeles and finished third behind Tony Waldrop and Danie Malan. Waldrop's time, 4:02, was seven seconds off his world indoor record, but it was his first major indoor victory since his phenomenal 1974 string. In the women's mile Francie Larrieu won, as expected, in 4:37.2.

Dwight Stones took the high jump at 7' 2", but pole vaulter Dan Ripley, who had set an indoor record of 18' 3/4" the week before, could do only 17' 6" and finished second to Yuri Isakov of the Soviet Union, who cleared the same height with fewer misses. Valery Borzov, winner of the 100 and 200 meters at Munich four years ago, was also competing on the second leg of a U.S. tour. He looked a bit paunchy and had injured a muscle in his left calf a few nights earlier in Mo-

bile, Ala. where he finished fifth, so the experts thought he had only a flickering candle's chance in a Siberian snowstorm to stay alive against 18-year-old Houston McTear, co-holder of the world record in the 100-yard dash. The experts were right.

In the 50-yard dash McTear, representing the Northwest Florida Track Club, did not seem bothered when his rivals were guilty of four false starts. On try No. 5 he exploded out of the blocks, accelerated like a dragster and easily held the lead to win in 5.1, one-tenth over the world indoor record. Borzov was second in 5.3 and Jamaica's Don Quarrie third in 5.4. Steve Williams, the early favorite in the 100 at Montreal, scratched because of an injured toe.

McTear took the 60 just as easily, beating Quarrie—Borzov scratched—and was voted Athlete of the Meet, but he did not stick around for the presentation of his TV set. Showing a few tricky moves he may use as a college running back, he disappeared from the arena to telephone his father, who had under-

continued

In the 50-yard dash McTear (second left) showed the visiting Borzov (middle) why everyone is talking about him, as he led from start to finish.





Waldrop's mile put him back in the news.

LONG SHOT continued

gone brain surgery two weeks before.

"I think he is going to be the best sprinter in history," said his coach, Will Willoughby. "He came here expecting to win both races, and I thought he would, too. He's right where I want him right now. He's in good shape, but he's not in great shape.

"His dad will never work again and he has seven brothers and sisters. They need financial help and are getting by

mostly through me. If he could get a good pro track offer, I'd advise him to take it right now. His family needs the money desperately."

Borzov, through an interpreter, said he was unconcerned about the loss because he is using the indoor season merely for training. "McTeer is the best in the short sprints in the United States," he said. "His start is very good, but that is not the most important factor in the 100. Charles Greene, Herb Washington and Mel Pender have very fast starts, too—I would say about as good as his. However, I see no reason why he should not be great at 100 meters."

Next to McTeer's 5.1 in the 50, perhaps the most impressive mark in the meet was Rick Wohlhuter's 1:49.2 in the 880, a race in which he handily whipped Kenya's Mike Bolt, considered by some the finest 800-meter runner in the world. Wohlhuter, an insurance salesman in Chicago, was the Sullivan Award winner in 1974, when he was undefeated in the 880 and set a world record, but he was definitely beatable last year. One of the reasons, he thinks, is that he fooled around too much with the mile. This year with Montreal in mind, he is going to be almost exclusively an 800-880 man.

Capes has made a similar decision re-

garding the shot and the discus. In the 1974 Commonwealth trials he threw the discus 191'8", but has not tried it often since. He decided to forget versatility and concentrate his considerable powers on propelling the 16-pound shot farther than any Britisher before him. It should help him a great deal to hang around for a while in San Jose, where there are more 60-foot shotputters courting hernias than in all the British Isles, and maybe all the English-speaking world outside the United States.

One problem for Capes in I.A., besides jet lag, was that the oversize U.S. indoor shot felt like a bowling ball in his paw. It is curious that both the British golf ball and the indoor shot are smaller than the U.S. versions.

"The U.S. shot is about an inch and a half more in diameter," said Capes. "And although I have big hands, I had difficulty in holding it. It took all week to get the feel of the thing. It's very awkward. I've got a very long neck, too, which makes using a bigger shot even more difficult."

But Geoff, wouldn't the bigger ball fill up more space on that long neck and . . . oh, well, better to leave that discussion to *Shotputters' Digest* or *Purissima Today*. And it is not worth examining the finer points of Capes' rather conventional form. One of his few deviations from the behemoths' norm is that before he starts his skip-and-spin trip across the ring, he is balanced on two legs rather than one, which makes good sense when you remember that his brawny body, nourished by "meat, milk, eggs—all that good stuff," would strain a steel pillar.

After his visit to the U.S., Capes will hurry back for the European Indoor Games in Munich, a stretch at home in Cambridgeshire and then serious solitary training with his coach in the south of France. Many view his chances in Montreal as very good because he is naturally gigantic, whereas a lot of other shotputters have achieved success only after adding bulk with the now illegal and potentially dangerous steroids. And new tests have been developed that detect steroids more accurately.

"The tests will separate the men from the boys," Capes said, "and the genuine athletes from the blown-up athletes."

As a former soccer and basketball player, cross-country runner and gymnast, Britain's brawny bobby is clearly genuine.

END

The 880 is Wohlhuter's best distance, and at the Soviet he beat Kenyan ace Mike Bolt (left).



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NORTH TO THE SOUTHERN SEA

Innovator Lowell

North has a new boat for the SORC races, which means sailors beware

by COLES PHINIZY

It is hard to believe that the costly game of sailing in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference could have begun when it did or could have lasted as it has. The idea of the SORC was conceived in a Havana bar in 1930, on the leading edge of the Great Depression. The competition was organized as a series of races a decade later while the whole country was mustering up for the worst of all wars. And though it prospers for much the same reason that saw it through its doubtful early years—the sailor's yen to beat the best—it is certainly not now what it once was.

In its beginnings the SORC brought together an odd lot of yachts, some seaworthy and some seaworn. In the first formal championship, in 1941, *Stormy Weather*, a yawl designed to make the most of the handicapping rules, tied for the overall title. Seven years later *Stormy*,

the rule beater, won it outright at the age of 14. Today a 14-year-old hull has as much chance in the SORC as the three lateen-rigged Columbian caravels that Queen Isabella backed in 1492. Six of the last eight winners have been one-year-olds off a fresh set of line plans.

But the more things change. . . . Today on the southern circuit there is lament about the early obsolescence of expensive boats, about professionalism and about the inequities of the rules. In some form the same protests have been flying for 20 years. In the mid-'50s the SORC was dominated by two little yawls: a centerboarder named *Finisterre* and an oddball called *How Mon*. The harshest critics could not decide whether *How Mon* was more unsightly than unseaworthy. Although *Finisterre*, comparatively, reeked of orthodoxy, because of certain features she, too, was termed a rule beater and was further damned in excess of the facts for having "the best amateur crew that money can buy." In the early '60s *Paper Tiger*, a rule-beater hull with a steel-pipe skeleton, took two SORC titles, and 10 years later along came *Carcade*, a cat-rigged schoonerlike ketch summarily described in the press as "the ugliest ocean racer in sailing memory." Kooky *Carcade* failed to win the 1973 SORC only because she short-cut a buoy in one race.

Many of the best performers in the early SORC were designed for cruising as well as racing. By contrast, today's pace-setters are hulls of stark purpose, about as homey and comfy below as an unrenovated Quonset hut. Because she was a bit beamy, in her heyday old *Finisterre*—a comfortable cruising racer—was described as a "chunky bulldog." Com-

Selling Withiew in a San Diego turnup race for the SORC, North leads a splonker leg.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKART

pared to the beamy boats that are now stealing an extra sliver of a knot out of every condition, *Finisterre* was as swanlike as an early Herreshoff. Viewed along their major axis, the smaller of the new hulls resemble fat corn-fed mallards sitting on the water. Their bilges are as bulgy as the bear that ate Algy, and their maximum beams are so far aft that from aloft they look like bulbous teardrops. Swanlike they definitely are not, but they go like the dickens, and they cost more than most men could sell their souls for.

In this age of synthetics and super alloys and instant navigation, the most constant complaint on the southern circuit is the cost. A competitive custom boat that 10 years ago went for \$60,000 now brings almost twice that. The doomsayers point out that the expense has already driven some sailors from the game and will force out more, and there was some cause for concern because of the marked drop in the size of the fleets in the past two years. But now the decrease seems to have been more a result of the general recession than specific cost, for entries for the 1976 SORC starting next week are being made at about the same rate as last year—and 22 of the first 27 applications filed were for new hulls.

When there is so much good trophyware to be won in more casual competitions at a tenth the cost, why do sailors, even in the best of times, devote themselves to the expensive SORC? The most likely answer lies in an old truth: in many sailors there is an atavistic itch to beat the very best of boats in a boat that is better yet.

Anyone doubting this old truth can easily become a believer by observing a San Diego skipper named Lowell North, who has had the itch for most of his 46 years. Today Lowell North is best known around the world as a skilled sailmaker, but describing him only as that is no more accurate than calling Thomas Alva Edison a successful phonograph manufacturer. North is in essence a noodler and a fiddler, taken by the notion that any fast boat can be made faster still. He is forever coming up with ideas as fresh as tomorrow, and many of them work.

Tom Blackaller, once a world Star boat champion, earns his living now as a working shareholder in North's sail-

continued

making empire. To explain the success of North, his boss-partner, Blackaller said recently, "If a boat is slow, if a sail is slow, if a crew is bad, Lowell will be the first to realize it, and he will know why. Lowell is a genius inventor. Every minute he's into things like turbulence and moment and stress. I can stand about one day around him, and then I have to go off and breathe some simple air."

To judge by the abuse Blackaller and other admirers love to heap on him, the way to find Lowell North among the 700 or more sailors competing in this year's SORC is to search the docks for the boat that an hour before each race looks least likely to be ready by the five-minute gun. On that boat you will find a man who is still trying to jigger something around on the deck with a drill or God-knows-what tool in his hand. That man is Lowell North. Among his rivals in small-boat classes, North enjoys a comparable reputation. According to them, in the process of getting everything just where it should be on a new hull, North drills so many holes that the deck of his handsome craft ends up looking like a platform-tennis paddle.

In yacht club bars, after important matters like the outcome of the Super Bowl have been laid aside, occasionally a minor question arises: Who is the world's best skipper? Is it Paul Elvstrom, the moody Dane from Hellerup, or Lowell North, the San Diego noddier? On the strength of his versatility alone, Elvstrom deserves the nod. But in a single class, no one has a record quite like North's.

Although he has won other honors, like the One Ton world championship last year, for more than a quarter century the Star boat was his specialty—and the Stars are a classy class. Star championships are a big deal, but because of fleet and district eliminations the finals are not cluttered with mediocre local yokels. The roster of Star world winners includes sailors like Gerry Driscoll, Bill Ficker, Elvstrom and Dennis Connor, better known for what they have done in other hulls at other times.

In 1945, at the age of 15, North won his first Gold Star—as the world title in the class is known—as crewman for a 17-year-old San Diego rival, Malin Burnham. It was the only time two such sprouts ever won such a hot competition. In the 1949 world meet, while still a teenager and skippering a famous Star boat, No. 2920—a "design beater" he built for himself—North crossed the finish line first in four races and second in the other. No Star sailor of any age had ever whooped the world's best so soundly but, alas, because his boom ticked a rival's forestay before the start of one race, he dropped to fifth overall.

There are those who claim that North's super Star, 2920, was such a breakthrough that he could have won with a grass-smoking chimpanzee for crew. This hyperbole suggests that North is so supreme a boatbuilder, sail cutter and tuner that he needs only average competence in a race. Weighed against this flattery is the fact that in the 1964 Olympics he won a bronze medal sailing a Dragon,

a class in which he rarely competed, and he had made that Olympic team by skanking the best U.S. Dragoners in a borrowed hull he had never sailed. Be all that as it may, in his last 18 years of Star boating North has won one Olympic gold medal and four firsts, five seconds and two thirds in world championships, a record that will not be easily matched in any hot class.

The ick in North is atavistic for sure. His parents came from southwest Missouri, an area not noted for large bodies of water. His father, Willard North, suspects that latent sea fever began to surface early in Lowell, for his toddling son's first word was not the usual "Mama" but "bope" (for boat). The elder North says his son would have been brilliant in school except that his mind often wandered from the prescribed texts, even before the sea became a distraction. Because his father was a geophysicist, Lowell spent his early boyhood in various California oil towns and in Los Angeles.

He first went sailing at about 11 years, after his father acquired a weekend place in Newport Beach, Calif. Even then in Newport Beach it was considered a hanging offense not to be a sailor. North boiled a keel on a hard-chined dink, stuck a mast through a thwart, bent on a triangle cut from a bed sheet and joined the boat set. When Willard North's work took him to San Diego in 1944 he bought his son a Star boat to ease the pain of leaving beautiful, yachty Newport Beach. Although by his junior year of high school North had crewed successfully in a world meet, he was as well known in San Diego as a bench warmer on the Point Loma High basketball team. To carry the irony further, the hot basketball player for whom he subbed was Don Larsen, best remembered now for his World Series perfect game.

Since 1966, when a band of one-design rebels led by Ted Turner won the SORC in a stock hull, it has been commonly accepted that the best ocean racing talent comes out of small boats. It is no longer sufficient for a middle-aged skipper to race with a crew made up of his old college roomie and convivial chums from the cruising and casual racing circuits. Today in the cockpits as well as on the foredecks of offshore winners there are young men who are pros, if not in fact at least in the dedication they carry over from competition in small boats.

From a test rig atop North's San Diego sail loft, a chute and jib belly to a gentle breeze.



On these counts—and presuming that God in His infinite whimsy does not favor some other kind of hull too often in the six-race series—the boat most likely to win best of class most often in the upcoming SORC is a two-ton newcomer called *Willow*. She is owned by a former north Jersey Star-boater, Seymour Sinct, and will be skippered by Lowell North, whose small-boat credentials are so convincing they are almost encumbering. Of further significance, *Willow* was conceived by 30-year-old Douglas Peterson, a onetime small-boater and offshore deck ape who for this brief, shining moment at least is the world's most successful designer. Peterson started as a boy in Sabot drinks and in Starlets, a mini-Star class unique to San Diego.

Peterson had only two years of pre-engineering at Pasadena City College, but in his off-hours, while working as a designer's draftsman, he read *The Theory of Wing Sections* and *Fluid Dynamic Drag* and other dry requisites of the profession.

Because no one would buy his first design, he built her for himself. She was called *Gaudarr*, and with North aboard she took second in the 1973 One Ton world championship in Sardinia, losing first place only because she short-cut a buoy in one race. Other Peterson hulls with North and sailors of comparable worth at the helm won the last two One Ton titles and the SORC. If *Willow* under North does poorly this year, Peterson will have laid his first egg—and such can happen. To paraphrase an old truism a few good summers do not an Olin Stephens make.

North first tried ocean racing in the late '50s and found it not much. "My first race," he recalls, "was around San Clemente Island. By the middle of the night we had gone nowhere in six hours of no wind, and I thought anybody who likes this is off his rocker. About a year later I had forgotten what it was like, and tried again, and it was fun."

When he did go into offshore racing more seriously, he took with him the same extravagant zest for innovation that sometimes confounded his small-boat rivals, as well as rules committees. On North's first long ocean race, 1,430 miles from San Diego to Acapulco aboard a cutter called *Oriana*, Tom Blackaller was on the same watch. As Blackaller remembers, "When we were off watch, Lowell didn't want to sleep. He had to be sure

the sails were trimmed right. After eight days he was so dingly he was holding his eyelids open. We came off the starting line of that race with a spinnaker up, alongside the scratch boat, *Escapade*. Lowell goes below and comes back up with a little bag and goes forward. Pretty soon, chut-chut-chut, off the weather shrouds is flying a Lightning spinnaker. Lowell has it sheeted off the after guy, tacked to the main shrouds and clewed somewhere. I asked him if it was legal, and he said, 'I think it is.' We were flying a second spinnaker. It was as illegal as hell, and the other crews were yelling at us across the water. 'Hey, you can't do that.'"

Later in the same race, Blackaller recalls, they lay one right in lumpy seas in air so light the spinnaker was sagging and the boom was bouncing around. "We were making about one knot," Blackaller says, "and Lowell announces, 'Now we're going to try something.' Lowell comes back from below with a long piece of shock cord, and he reeeds the mainsail with that, if you can believe it. So we sit there with the boom going back and forth, bo-wongo, bo-wongo, bo-wongo, pumping air. The owner of the boat almost had a coronary, and after about four bo-wongo bo-wongos, the other watch is topside saying, 'What is going on up here?' We asked the doctor on board to give Lowell a pill. I remember that distinctly because we had a long talk about how to get the pill down him. We beat the scratch boat across the finish line, but by then Lowell's Lightning spinnaker was in its bag below, and he was under sedation. I think he's learned to pace himself since then."

After graduating from the University of California in 1951, North worked in predesign and stress analysis for Ryan Aircraft and a company called Narmco. The job had no lasting flavor for him, and in 1958, inopportunistly when his wife Kay was expecting a child, he quit. Armed with an elastic idea for improving the mizens of Star boats, he began making sails. Although the Star rules committee soon decreed that his innovation was a no-no, he was on his way. While winning his third world Star title in Rio de Janeiro in 1960, he told the press, "A sail loft should never be big business, and I don't want it big." His gross that year was \$122,000. Today North Sails, Inc. is the world's largest producer of competition sails, and with

a gross around \$7 million last year it is nip and tuck with its constant rival, Hood Sailmakers, Inc., for the overall world title. Of the 13 North lofts in the U.S. and abroad the biggest today is in Stratford, Conn., on Long Island Sound, in the heart of Hood country.

In 1974 *Interpret*, the old wooden 12-meter that had twice defended the America's Cup, used North sails in her attempt to win the honor again. In the preliminary races sailed in fair and fluky conditions, *Interpret* beat the new aluminum hull *Courageous* eight out of 12 times. Among the changes *Courageous* made after the preliminaries was a switch to North sails. So the finals became virtually a duel of North vs. North, with *Courageous* winning five out of nine for the right to defend. When sailmaker Ted Hood served as skipper of *Courageous* against the Australian challenger *Southern Cross*, logically enough he used Hood sails. But he retained in his inventory some of the North fabrics, notably a three-quarter-ounce tri-radial spinnaker. Although spinnaker racing was reputedly the forte of the Australian challenger, *Courageous* usually beset the Aussie on reaching legs, often with the North tri-radial. In this not altogether Corinthian age of yacht racing, when a rival sailmaker flies your spinnaker in a highly publicized affair like the America's Cup, well, sir, you have arrived.

To get an extra fraction of speed out of *Willow* in the upcoming SORC, Skipper North is stepping a mast one inch less in both fore-and-aft and athwartships diameters than is customary for such a hull. To stiffen the slender mast North has plastered it top to bottom with a thin veneer of costly carbon fiber. Commenting on this brave attempt, Blackaller observes with his customary candor, "It's typically Lowell, trying to get away with murder as usual. Using that mast is like running an Indy car on straight nitromethane. On a bad day it may go on him right in the middle of the Gulf Stream, and he'll end up on a beach somewhere."

North is an intent man who laughs easily. When his colleague bad-mouths him to his face, he roars. As Blackaller says, possibly North has learned to pace himself, but there is no evidence that he has put the lesson to use. Resting on the accomplishments of yesterday simply is not his bag. Lowell North is still a man with an itch. **END**

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The rented car with the Monkey Jungle bumper sticker bunked off the expressway onto Route 1, south-southeast out of Miami, heading on a course chartered directly for the Serpenterium. The car was never seen again. The last contact placed it somewhere near the Orchid Jungle checkpoint. And then, nothing. "It is just like it was swallowed up by exhaust fumes, vanished into fat air," said one tourist official. Yet another victim of (ta-daaa) The Tacky Triangle!™

Well, as Wink Martindale used to say as he closed his inspirational record *Deck of Cards*, "I know, because that soldier was me." I know, because that rented car was mine. In the days that followed, from one tip of The Tacky Triangle to the others, my family and I visited:

The Serpenterium, Monkey Jungle,

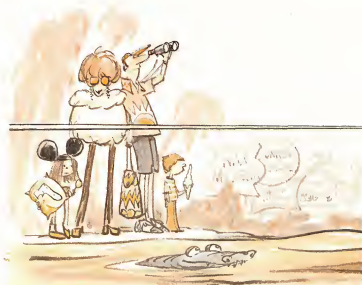
Parrot Jungle, the Coral Castle, Tiger's Air Boat Rides, Miccosukee Indian Village, the Waltzing Waters Aquadrama, the Thomas Edison Winter Home, the Shell Factory, the National Police Hall of Fame, the good ship *Bowty*, Potter's Wax Museum, various glassblowers, Spook Hill, Cypress Gardens, the River Ranch rodeo, the Tower of Peace, the Citrus Tower, the Singing Tower, the Tupperware Museum of Dishes, the Museum of Sunk Treasure, the Fountain of Youth, Ripley's Believe It Or Not Museum, the Castillo de San Marcos, the Old Jail, The Oldest School House, the Museum of Toys and the Tragedy in U.S. History Museum.

I know, I know. You're saying, Why would anyone ever do a thing like that? And my answer to you, from the heart, is: Taste. Discernment.

This is about real places that real people really go to, the first of its kind ever written, a Tacky Tour, a must for you and the wife and kids

by FRANK DEFORD

AN HONEST TRAVEL STORY



The decisions were not made lightly, understand. When we took the trip last winter, we could have seen: the Orchid Jungle, Jungle Larry's African Safari, Lion Country Safari, Sarasota Jungle Gardens, the Gardens of Light, St. Petersburg Zoological Gardens, Busch Gardens, Masterpiece Gardens, Sunken Gardens, Everglades Wonder Gardens and Weeks Wachee Springs. Also: Ringling Museum, Circus World Showcase, Circus Hall of Fame, Marco Polo Park, Cars of Yesterday, Six Gun Territory, Tombstone Territory, Parrots Paradise, Flipper's Playground, Alligator Farm,

Florida Reptile Land, Marineland, Treasureland, Fairyland, Sea World, Ocean World, Pirate's World and Jacksonville of the World Football League.

This is the first honest travel story ever written. It is about the real places that real people really go to. Most travel stories are not at all about where people travel to, but only about where travel writers can cadge the best trips to. Hence, the emphasis on the Taj Mahal, Rome, Italy, the Serengeti and whatnot, while genuine places like The Tacky Triangle go begging for exposure. I hope this is just the beginning, one small step for touristkind. In fact, what this country needs, travelwise, is its own version of the Michelin Guide.

The Michelin Guide is, of course, put out in France, where food is the thing.

Chefs over there drown themselves in A-1 Sauce if they drop in the Michelin ratings. Well, we are not a strong food country, unless you want to count the Colonel and his sort, but we have our own hang-up. We devour tourist attractions. Wherever we are going, we say, "What have they got there?" If St. Augustine's City of God was located, say, in the middle of Iowa, people would not go there unless there were mechanized angels at God's Gardens or God's Paradise or Godland or what-have-you. Unless something is a specific, authentic, by-admission-only

Attraction, it does not exist for us.

Although this is the way of life for American tourism, we have no unbiased, comprehensive Michelin Guide-like authority to instruct us. We must depend on unsightly self-interest brochures to advise us which are the best tacky things to see and revel in.

Now understand, when I say tacky, that is not necessarily disparaging. There is tacky and there is *tacky*. If you go to an American tourist spot, you expect it to be tacky. What is the point of being a tourist attraction if you can't be tacky? You might as well get the environmentalists all involved and settle on just being a scenic overlook, right? The Pennsylvania Dutch country was once merely quaint. But recently it has been tackified to the point of plastic, and I'm sure you'll find it an infinitely finer place to visit than before.

So you see, I'm not putting down Florida. On the contrary. Florida is not alone in tacky endeavors, merely exemplary. A great deal can be said for many parts of California. The strip between Dallas and Fort Worth is a real comer, too. And New Jersey cannot be sneezed at. The finest tacky symbol in America (this is your traditional tacky now, not your *wowww* tacky) is the sea horse, and these positively abound at establishments along the Jersey shore. In this respect, New Jersey far surpasses Florida, which relies on alligators and dolphins. But town in and town out, no other place can boast the Attractions that the Sunshine State does.

While we are on the subject of alligators and dolphins, if tourist Attractions were like the stock market, my advice to Florida would be to get out of alligators and dolphins. (Dolphins and porpoises are the same things, as far as I'm concerned; you, too—admit it.) Sell. There is a glut. Dolphins perform in Maine malls now, as well as in movies and on television. And if they're so darn smart, why do they always perform the exact same act? Midway through the last dolphin show we saw, my daughter Alexandra said, "Oh, here comes the hoop bit." I realized then it was time to knock off dolphins.

Alligators, even alligators wrestling Seminole Indians, are another old-hat theatrical property. We're jaded. Besides, the scare value of alligators has diminished with the animal goings-on on television. There must be about 53 wildlife animal shows on TV each week. Kids

continues



may see 50,000 people murdered on television by the time they are old enough to read, but surely they see even more beasts being done in. The law of the jungle prevails every night at 7:30 in our house. What is an alligator wrestling a Seminole Indian, when in the preceding days kids have seen leopards ripping the guts out of wildebeests, polar bears gobbling up fish, snakes and birds eating one another, tarantulas doing their mischief.

I have always been keen on monkeys, but these little primates are also in for hard times. We started our Tacky Tour in Miami, so one of the first attractions we visited was the Monkey Jungle, whose yellow bumper stickers adorn most rented automobiles in Florida. (If you put a bumper sticker on your car, you are tacky. If you park at an Attraction and come back and find that someone has put a bumper sticker on without your permission, that's normal.)

Everything considered, the Monkey Jungle is a pretty nice Attraction. It has a grand collection of tacky souvenirs and postcards. Alas, it does not offer for sale the tackiest thing in the world—a shiny black throw pillow inscribed with a Day-Glo map. Despite the classic tackiness of pillow-maps, they are, increasingly, an endangered species; on The Tacky Tour, I found them only in the gift shoppe of the *Bowtie*. The Michelin Guide uses stars to rank establishments. When I bring out my tacky guide, I am going to award little pillow-maps for quality. Four pillow-maps is supreme. I give the Monkey Jungle two pillow-maps.



But, as I was saying, monkeys are up against it now. My kids are six and three, my wife and I somewhat older. We liked the monkeys much more than the kids did. They didn't even work up much enthusiasm for Peanut, who wore a Dolphin helmet and rode a bicycle. A monkey on a bicycle? What kind of big deal is this? On television the children have seen monkeys torn limb from limb by lions; they've seen monkeys cross the entire African veldt in a half hour, minus the dog-food commercials; they've seen monkeys jump across raging rivers, outwit warthogs and eagles; they've seen monkeys copulate at a quarter to eight in the privacy of the family room. So why get excited about a monkey riding a bicycle? The man said, "Please applaud for Peanut, folks, it's the only reward he receives," which made me feel sad, because that is almost exactly what M.C.s used to say about strippers.

You can see an animal Attraction every day wherever you are in The Tacky Triangle, but after the Monkey Jungle we laid off the animals. There is no sense going to Florida and seeing pale facsimiles of TV shows.

Almost as big as animals in The Tacky Triangle are wax museums and glassblowing. You are familiar with wax museums, which go back at least as far as the heyday of Vincent Price. We visited the one in St. Pete, where, as in all wax museums, the wax people looked almost like real people and also almost like wax. If I ever open a wax museum, I am going to advertise: "Waxlike!"

Glassblowing seems to hypnotize people in Florida, which leads me to think that instead of putting on just another animal show, a TV network should schedule glassblowing at 7:30. There is a great demand for it.

Also in ascendancy in The Tacky Triangle are towers and museums (other than wax). The Tower of Peace in Lake Placid and the Citrus Tower in Clermont are tall and thin as towers should be, and sure enough, as advertised, you can see a far piece from these structures. That's about it with towers. The Tower of Peace gives away orange juice, and at the Citrus Tower you can watch glassblowing for free. Neither has a revolving restaurant on top, which is the prime selling point of towers these days. Worse, the Singing Tower in Lake Wales is just a carillon, and you can't even climb to the top, never mind eat a meal there.

My son Christian was flabbergasted. "You mean you just look at it?" he asked, stupefied.

A minister we drank bourbon with in Jacksonville informed us, with disgust, that the clergy in St. Augustine had decided that a good way to advance the Word would be to construct a majestic Tower of Love. It is in the planning stages. The view of this particular cleric was that when it becomes necessary to build towers to promulgate love and Christianity, both institutions are in trouble. Towers without revolving restaurants are lackluster Attractions, and I would be hard pressed to give any of them more than a single pillow-map.

I can, however, proudly award three pillow-maps to Coral Castle, located 25 miles south of Miami. The children will have no interest whatsoever in Coral Castle, as mine didn't, and my wife and I found it boring and unappetizing and rather ugly. But you should not miss anything so tacky as Coral Castle.

It was built by a nutty fellow with a long last name—the guides refer to him as Ed, as if he had just gone over to Burger Chef and would be right back. Ed has been dead to these many years, which is not surprising, since he constructed the whole dreadful place himself, toting huge rocks around. Possibly, Ed believed he was a forklift. He built a coral sundial and a large table shaped like Florida, a nine-ton swinging gate, a Feast of Love Table and, as the brochures say, "other thrilling wonders."

The icky part of the saga is that Ed built this monstrosity in honor of a lady back in Latvia who had jilted him. It is easy to see why she did: Ed was nutty as a fruitcake. Would you want your sister to marry a forklift?

The best part of the story is that as heartbroken as Ed was, as distressed, as pained, as upset, as distraught, he was clever enough to construct his secret love palace right there on Highway 1. Ed was crazy like a fox. Just think how much better Gettysburg would be doing now if Lee and Meade had been smart enough to have fought right off Exit 9 of the New Jersey Turnpike.

Another recommendation for Coral Castle is its brochures, which are done in one color, a sort of dirty pink, and drenched in hyperbole: "The Coral Castle of Florida encompasses all the beauty, mystery and romance associated with the ancient wonders of the world. . . ."

continued



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Considered to be the greatest creative achievement by one individual in the history of America." Wow! That is brochure writing of the first water. Most brochures in The Tacky Triangle are slick, sterile items, and all of them hedge their bet by trading off and mentioning a bunch of other Attractions. Very dreary and very corporate.

(There isn't a four-pillow-map brochure in the whole Tacky Triangle. For that you have to go to South Carolina, where there is a motel named South of the Border—so called because it is just below the North Carolina line. South of the Border, which calls itself, fondly, SOB, has forgotten more about tacky than most establishments will ever know. The SOB brochure is a classic in its field. It is written entirely in Mexican dialect, to wit, or rather, to witless: "Ees onlee wan South of The Border, amigos, where Pedro has put eet all together to make ze mos' exciting vacation stop between Maine and Florida! Ees keetle Mexico on 100 acres weeth 300 beautiful rooms, shops, 3 sweemeeng pools. . . . Stop eet queeck, stop eet!")

Museums have more room to move around in than do towers and monuments. Now that animals are passe, you are going to see more and more tacky museums, halls of fame and walls of fame. Surely, that is how come we have the National Police Hall of Fame in North Port Charlotte: 1½ pillow-maps. Admission entitles visitors to a flag decal, membership in the Dick Tracy Crimestoppers Club and the opportunity to inspect a haphazard collection of law enforcement paraphernalia. There is a guillotine, an electric chair ("used in many states for the execution of condemned prisoners") and the very first handcuffs used in the territory of Alaska. Also prominently displayed is a license plate from the 1935 Shriners parade in Washington. No explanation is offered for its enshrinement, and I did not inquire for fear of being slapped in those Alaskan handcuffs and called "an alleged perpetrator." Finally, for no apparent reason except titillation, a significant part of the museum focuses on President Kennedy's assassination.

In this respect, the National Police Hall of Fame imitates most wax museums and my favorite-named exposition—the Tragedy in U.S. History Museum. Tragedy is located in St. Augustine and features, besides the obligatory

J.F.K. assassination material, the Wreck of The Old 97, plus some World War II newspapers.

Being the oldest city in America, St. Augustine comes down heavily on the oldest this-and-that and on museums in general. It lacks only the Oldest Museum. Its most bullyhood is Ripley's Believe It Or Not Museum, about which Christian said, "There's not much there I didn't believe." Half a pillow-map.

Northern Florida, like the southern part, is also thick with menageries, while in the middle, on both coasts, pirates are big. Tampa is top-heavy with pirates. I don't want to be unkind, but I was not impressed with the level of pirates in The Tacky Triangle. They seemed entirely too cutesy-poo, much like dolphins. From Tampa to the Museum of Sunken Treasure on Cape Canaveral, which is easy to locate as it is across the street from the City of Jerusalem Museum, the only pirates that unnerved my children were the mechanical ones at Disney World. That's a fine how-do-you-do.

You have noticed, no doubt, that I have not mentioned Disney World until now. Naturally, not wanting to be sacrilegious, we went to Disney World. But Disney World, for us, was like a busman's holiday. I wanted the family to see the Duck Follies at Masterpiece Gardens in Lake Wales, a town that also has a mosaic of da Vinci's *Last Supper*, boasting 300,000 pieces of 10,000 colors. Regrettably, the children were not primed this particular day for Duck Follies. So I said, "Listen, if you aren't good at the Duck Follies, I won't take you to Disney World." You find out very quickly that once kids have to go to Attractions they weary of them quickly. Another day, another dollar.

If I were going to open a tacky Attraction in Florida, it would be a simulated motel. Kids like tacky motels near the tacky Attractions more than the Attractions themselves. Go to any motel near Disney World and after a full day of Fantasyland, Frontierland, Magic Castle, the works, you will find kids riding up and down on elevators, pushing buttons, messing around with the scema-chairs, jumping on beds, locking one another out, throwing things in the pool and so forth. Having a whale of a time. This is because at Disney World everybody says you are here to have a good time, but at the motel everybody says you are here to behave. So there is the chal-

lenge. Instead of another museum or tower, gardens or hall of fame, I am going to build a simulated motel. Around it I will build real motels—Holiday Inn, Ramada, Howard Johnson's, Best Western and so forth. And the whole complex will be called Motelworld.

Another thing The Tacky Triangle is lacking these days is gift shoppes. At a number of places in the state, such-and-such is touted as the largest gift shoppe in the world (likewise, many places advertised the largest alligator farm in the world), but the selections on display are not up to the tackiness of years past. The postcard situation is outrageous. The only postcard in the whole state that I can, in good conscience, award even two pillow-maps to is from the Fountain of Youth; it is of 1955 vintage and shows a lady toasting you with a tiny paper cup. I give the Fountain of Youth itself a high rating—2½ pillow-maps. The Fountain, which has a dubious affiliation with Señor Ponce de Leon, is not a fountain but a well. Visitors sip from those tiny paper cups reminiscent of Amtrak. There is also an Indian burial ground, although it lacks buried Indians ever since one particularly testy hurricane.

Finally, there is the Historical Space Globe, which lights up, showing the voyages of exploration. I went out of my mind over this. Here comes Columbus on the heavy line, Vasco da Gama on the broken line, Sir Francis Drake dots and dashes. All lit up on the huge globe. One thing I never understood about learning American history is why half of everything you're taught before Pearl Harbor concerns the idiotic explorers, bumping around, stumbling into things, especially when we know that they were only looking for the Northwest Passage. It would make more sense to have school kids in America come down and see the Historical Space Globe for a few minutes, get the explorers out of their system, and then spend their time studying people who actually did things, who didn't just chance upon things.

Back to the gift shoppes. This may be damning with faint praise since the species is in an awful slump (can we ever top Stuckey's old advertisement of pecans and free water; free water?), but the top gift shoppe in The Tacky Triangle must be the Shell Factory. It is located on U.S. 41, alias the Tamiami Trail.

The Tamiami Trail is a bonanza. It offers linear archeology. Archeologists tra-

continued

ditionally dig down, discerning the age of something by the level at which it lies. On the Tamiami Trail and similar classic Florida boulevards, a traveler can pinpoint age by other methods. A shopping center featuring a pancake cafe is obviously quite new. In my family, we speak of "pancake modern."

Going back a bit, we come to mobile estates or planned communities, or signs that boast "Appearing Nightly in the Lounge." These edifices date from the early-to-mid-1960s. And then the Thunderbirds, another distinct archeological layer. Throughout The Tacky Triangle, one finds hundreds of establishments named Thunderbird, most of which, it is my understanding, were built and named in the same week of March 1957. I would never dare enter an establishment named Thunderbird because I fear that Connie Francis surrounded by five boys in boat-neck shirts would not be there.

The Shell Factory is of earlier vintage, done in Early Airplane Hangar from the pre-*I Love Lucy* era of American tackiness. But let us not tarry. I am, as you can see, saving the best for last: three pillow-maps—no, make that 3½—for the Waltzing Waters of Cape Coral.

Here you get not only a dolphin show, but also Aqua Follies, which is water-skiing in sort of a big tub, and at last, the *pièce de résistance*, that "fairytale of sights and sound," the Waltzing Waters themselves. They are fountains of colored water that go up and down in time to show tunes and love songs. The night we were there one of the songs that the waters waltzed to was *More*, which made it perfect. *More*, as you know, is the national anthem of Muzak and piano bars. To witness water dancing to *More* strikes me as the epitome of tourism.

As good as the Waltzing Waters are, for total effect nothing matches Cypress Gardens. People rave at what Disney wrought, and properly so, but the mistake is to suggest that his two places are American. Not so, not at all. They are mechanical and nonsectarian, belonging to the world at large. The uncomfortable feeling I get at Disneyland or Disney World is that people are not acting like themselves. They are acting like the stylized puppet people in Small World.

Cypress Gardens, though, is American to the core. If you could show a foreigner only one of each thing in America—one natural splendor, one historical site, one downtown, one national park—Cy-



press Gardens is what I would choose as the one American amusement, over a baseball game or a football game, over a state fair, over Disney World.

Cypress Gardens is incredibly original, yet basic and unchanging, like the Harlem Globetrotters or Lawrence Welk. That is why it works. One feels a certain purity at Cypress Gardens. At places like the Disneys or Williamsburg, as much as you may enjoy them, there is a natural tendency to marvel at how it was done. That is a distracting kind of curiosity, like kissing with your eyes open, which takes away from the pleasure. There is no such problem at Cypress Gardens. It is just gardens and water-skiing. Disney World requires something new—a haunted house, Space Mountain—at each turn of the season. Something new at Cypress Gardens would constitute tampering.

You come to it down narrow country roads, wandering past orange groves, and all of a sudden it looms, pristine and pastoral, the fairytale America. On the hotel marquee at the entrance, the message reads MUSIC OF THE '40s. Of course.

It hits me. People are always saying that the big bands will be back. Maybe yes, maybe no, but it never occurred to me that the big bands had not disappeared, that all this time they have been waiting to come back from somewhere. Of course. All this time they have been at Cypress Gardens.

Parking is efficient and, on admission, your hand is stamped, just like at the racetrack. The shopping promenade is classic: a Florida fruit shop, caricatures, pastel portraits, signs to be made, monograms to go on anything, postcards. Glassblowing. There is a throne where you can pose for pictures so you can look like a king and a queen.

For the show, the stands with cantilevered roofs fill quickly, and people often sit on the ground, on borrowed cushions. Just before the show begins, music is played, tunes like *No Business Like Show Business*, *More* and *Everything's Coming Up Roses*. Soon the Aquamaids will be here.

But first, the announcer achieves new heights of tackiness by reading the dismal reports of freezing weather in cities up north. The places with the most inclement weather get the best responses. I only wish I had been at Cypress Gardens on the day there had been a cattle-killing blizzard somewhere; I'm sure that would have brought the house down.

But Cypress has a warm spot in its heart for its frozen northern neighbors. Every day, the P.A. salutes a different state. This particular day Michigan was honored. For those in the crowd who might not be too sure, Michigan was identified as "the home of the NBA Pistons, the baseball Tigers and the automobile industry." In that order. You're only as good as your last assembly line, baby. The people cheered for frozen Michigan.

When the time came for the Aquamaids to climb on the boy skiers' shoulders, to make the famous pyramid and zip around, carrying flags, the announcer said that this was still the favorite at Cypress. *More* postcards are sold of the pyramid than of any other scene.

People say to me, "Have you seen the Taj Mahal, have you seen the Eiffel Tower, Westminster Abbey?" I say to them, "Have you seen the Aquamaids' pyramid at Cypress Gardens?" I have, and I give it four pillow-maps.

On the way back to the motel we saw Spook Hill and the Singing Tower. **END**

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SUPER GAME, GOOD BROADCAST



WUSSLER HOPED FOR LOUD NOISES, GOT QUIET QUALITY

During the nine Super Bowl telecasts that preceded last week's, just about everything worth trying had been attempted by NBC and CBS, the two networks that alternate in broadcasting the game at a cost of up to \$3.5 million. Yet there remains a compulsion to try something new for every Super Bowl, if only to combat what some network people refer to as the Dore Factor (Super Bowl teams generally get there largely because of their defensive skills, and TV executives fear that game plans based on defense lead to football that will have many of the 70 million viewers yawning by halftime. And that is not a good situation when commercial minutes sell for as much as \$230,000).

With its pageantry, star-studded rosters and championship implications, the Super Bowl should be a perfect event for television coverage, but the networks' concern about the waning power of the many inept fans that help swell this particular audience hampers their efforts to put on memorable telecasts. Last week it was CBS' turn to try, and Bob Wussler, the head of the network's sports department, had been thinking about how to do the game for 18 months. He sent 170 people to Miami, along with 18 cameras (six are used during regular season games), 60 microphones and 110 monitors. CBS rented enough trailers to establish a small retirement community and string seven miles of cable. "When I say we have 170 people here,

I think I might be wrong," Wussler said. "We probably have another hundred more. Just call them hangers-on."

To the heaviest concentration of technical equipment ever at a Super Bowl, Wussler added a 57-foot cabin cruiser named *Raffles*. Pregame celebrity interviews were conducted aboard *Raffles* as it moved down Biscayne Bay. Counting the cruiser and the omnipresent Goodyear blimp, CBS could say that it was covering the game by land, sea and air. Too much of

a good thing? Not really. Convincing viewers that well-known non-sports people are enjoying themselves at the Super Bowl is an important factor in the business of broadcasting the event, and the use of a boat as an interview site gave the pregame show a relaxed touch that Wussler felt it needed. "One of the major problems with Super Bowl telecasts has been that the game has been taken too seriously," he said early last week. "I feel you need only two main announcers to cover the game itself, and we assigned Pat Summerall and Tom Brookshier. We will have nobody down on the sidelines as others have in the past, because I don't remember anyone ever telling me anything interesting from there."

The decisions to keep the number of game announcers to a minimum and not to switch to roving reporters were well conceived. In their efforts to outdo each other, the networks too often have only succeeded in cluttering up football, bringing in peripheral elements during games that detract from the coverage of the play. Still, Wussler could not entirely resist looking for something new for Super Bowl X. "When Janetty Cottons and Rod Laver played their challenge tennis match, the sound of their strokes drew a tremendous viewer response," Wussler said. "We hope to get that kind of effect in the Super Bowl by broadcasting the sound of the hitting. It could be a big plus."

CBS' five hours of coverage came complete with the "Songs of the Week," a marriage of film and music that has almost become a staple with this network since it was first tried last spring on the *Ballad of the Sad Young Men*, a telecast about the "rahbits" on the pro golf tour. During the season, CBS followed that up with some effective "Songs of the Week." After Bart Starr became the coach of the Packers this season, one show presented film excerpts from the great Green Bay years—and some shots from the not-so-great present—while Barbra Streisand sang *The Way We Were*. When the Dolphins were struggling without Larry Csonka, the film cut back and forth between new footage of Coach Don Shula standing grumpy on the sidelines with his arms folded and old footage of Csonka running for Miami. The music was *Come Back to Me*.

But on a Super Bowl telecast, one "Song of the Week" apparently would never do, so CBS used five. Too much of a good thing? Absolutely.

Because the halftime score (10-7) was so close, the Dore Factor was no factor in Super Bowl X. The hoped-for crash of tackles and blocks was also absent. Only on a couple of first-half plays could the sound of contact be heard, but the idea is worth pursuing.

The too-long pregame show opened with a fine description by Jack Whelan of the goings-on at the week preceding the game, including "enough cocktail parties to seriously endanger human life." CBS took viewers to some of them, and introduced a wild range of people, places and things: George Halas, Raquel Welch, Don Shula, Alice Cooper, evening gowns by Jordan Marsh, a 20-pound lobster, the Fontainebleau and a chap named Vinny who got tickets from his brookie.

This Super Bowl also turned out to be as glittery and as unpredictable as the people and events surrounding it. And CBS capitalized on that well. Wussler had said all week long, "We're going to get lucky with this game, and we will be prepared for it." Indeed they were, and the result was generally excellent camera work and judicious use of replays. Wussler also had identified Summerall and Brookshier as "our best team." And they were, especially when Brookshier was doing his succinct analyses of line play. **END**



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Report from Philip Morris

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So we began an exhaustive research program in cigarette smoke analysis and the ingredients that actually comprise cigarette taste.

By using a very sensitive instrument called an Analytical Fractometer, we were able to "crack" cigarette smoke down into its various ingredients.

We found there are over 2000 separate ingredients in smoke.

Each was isolated and analyzed, one by one.

What we discovered was startling: *there are ingredients in tobacco — "key" basic flavor units — that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.*

Breakthrough.

By fortifying tobacco with these natural

flavor essentials, we're now able to pack flavor — extraordinary flavor — into a cigarette without the usual increase in tar.

The discovery is called 'Enriched Flavor.' It's extra flavor. Flavor that can't burn out, can't fade out, can't do anything but come through for you.

Taste-Tested By People Like You

9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar cigarette brands ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.

Thousands of smokers were involved. Smokers of filter cigarettes like yourself, all tested at home.*

The results were conclusive:

Even if the cigarette tested had 60% more tar, a significant majority of all smokers tested reported new 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT delivered more taste.

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9 mg. "tar" 0.7 mg. nicotine

From all females to All-Americans

An ecumenical coach has built a top team at Kansas' Marymount, where there were no boys eight years ago

Marymount College is a pleasant little school overlooking the Smoky Hill River and a large grain elevator in Salina, the central Kansas town where the movie *Plenic* was filmed. Across the street from a graveyard and next to a country club, the campus is a tranquil place where approximately 700 students study under a faculty that is about half lay teachers and half Sisters of St. Joseph of Concordia, the order that founded the college in 1922. Few people east of Abilene or west of Dodge City have ever heard of Marymount, and those who have often confuse it with schools of the same name in California, Florida, New York and Virginia.

That situation is likely to change soon. For the sixth straight season, Marymount has a strong basketball team, a team that improved its record to 16-2 last weekend, that led the touring Soviet national squad by 18 points before losing by three and that has a decent shot at winning the NAIA's version of the national championship. All of which is not bad, considering that eight years ago there were no males in the student body.

As so often is the case when an obscure college suddenly appears with a sparkling record, the reason for Marymount's success is a good coach who recruits far and wide. This particular coach is an ecumenical fellow named Ken Cochran, who used to have winning records at the Methodist school across town, Kansas Wesleyan, and now is a favorite of the Catholic nuns at Marymount. Cochran, it turns out, is a devoted member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Marymount players come from as far away as Washington, D.C. and San Bernardino, Calif. Herb Dawson of the Bronx, N.Y., earned his high school di-

ploma in the Air Force and is now getting good grades at Marymount. Salina resident Nino Samuel and New Yorker Wes Ramseur are transfers from Kansas and Carolina A&T, respectively. Junior-college grads, late bloomers larger schools passed over and athletes whose grades prevented them from playing for many NCAA colleges are the assortment from which Cochran has built a 145-22 record at Marymount.

The team's official nickname is the Spartans, but because Cochran's six teams have been mostly black and no more Kansan than a cha-cha band, some Salinians refer to Marymount as "the Grambling of the Plains" or "the New Jersey Olympic team." Most townspeople have been more positive, especially Mrs. Alice Smoot, a Presbyterian who donated most of the money to build the college's new gym. She died two weeks ago, and the team has dedicated the rest of its season to her.

Sister Evangeline Thomas, a teacher and administrator at the school for many years, is probably the Spartans' most avid fan. She scores each game, keeps cumulative statistics and somehow manages to discover numerous important teachers' conferences that just happen to be going on near the sites of away games.

Cochran's first important recruit, in 1971, was Sylvester Cuyler from Trenton, N.J., who was one of the last players cut by the ABA Nets at the start of the current pro season. "He was the fran-



SISTER EVANGELINE PREPARES TO KEEP SCORE ON SKELDON

chise," says Cochran, and he helped Marymount land an even better player from Trenton, Jimmy Hearn.

Hearn, a 6'4½" forward, was a second-team NAIA All-America last season, when Marymount finished with a 29-6 record. This year he is averaging more than 20 points a game, even though the Spartan roster is loaded and players constantly go in and out of the lineup.

The best of the others are Guard Louis Grimsley, a former high school All-America from Newark, N.J., whose shooting almost ruined the Soviets; San Bernardino's Keith Lee, the tallest regular at 6'7"; Forward James (Bull) Gorman, a 6'2" leaper from Washington, D.C.; Guards Tom Rothschild of St. Louis and Steve Skeldon, whose father is manager of the Toledo, Ohio zoo; service vet Dawson and local lad Samuel.

The Spartans' only intercollegiate losses this season occurred at Fort Hays (Kans.) State, a team Marymount had beaten in Salina by 20, and against Henderson State of Arkansas in overtime. In UPI's small-college ratings, Marymount is fourth behind Grand Canyon, Kentucky State and St. Mary's of Texas.

Last weekend's victory, a 91-72 laugh-

er over Benedictine of Atchison, Kans. in which Marymount's full-court press caused 23 turnovers, gave Cochran a chance to show off all his troops. Hearn scored 20 points, and Grimsley had 23.

Sister Evangeline was happy about the triumph, but not too pleased with the quality of the opposition. "If Jimmy had played the whole game he would have scored 40 points," she said.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST It's the hunter and the hunted," said North Carolina Coach Dean Smith after his Tar Heels gunned down Wake Forest 99-74. "They were the hunters in the Big Four Tournament (where the Deacons jolted the Heels). This time we were." Leading the safari were Phil Ford with 30 points, Walter Davis with 23 and Mitch Kupchak, who added 18 and grabbed 19 rebounds. Winning at Duke was harder for Carolina. The Tar Heels trailed by eight with 8:18 to go before surging back for an 89-87 victory. Davis scored 11 of their final 24 points and finished with 21. Ford had 22, and Kupchak added 20 to go with 13 rebounds. That win put North Carolina (4-0) atop the ACC.

Maryland defeated conference foe North Carolina State and Navy by identical 87-69 scores. Against State, Coach Lefty Driesell broke up his three-guard offense for the first time this season, benching Mo Howard so he could use a taller player for inside strength. But six minutes into the game, with the Terps leading only 12-10, Howard came in and ignited the offense with 25 points.

There is no such thing as a sure winner in the ACC—except when Clemson and Duke square off. Then the victor has to be a coach named Bill Foster. That's because the Tigers are coached by a Bill Foster, and so are the Blue Devils. Last week Clemson's Foster savored a 102-96 overtime triumph. His Tigers then stunned Wake Forest 86-81.

Princeton Coach Pete Carril says his bunch of Tigers lack "rejects and quickness," but are "excessively smart," which to Carril's way of thinking means they understand that they must play stingy defense to win. That's exactly what Princeton (10-3) did, beating St. Joseph's 56-46.

Last-ditch efforts led to Providence's downfall at Seton Hall (57-55) and Rhode Island (75-73). Mike Buescher scored a decisive basket for the Pirates an instant before the buzzer, and Lem Johnson of the Rams blocked a final Friar shot.

Glen Williams had 23 points as St. John's

(13-1) beat Hawaii 74-71 in overtime, then scored 20 as the Redmen held off Villanova 57-53.

1. **RUTGERS (13-0)** 2. **MARYLAND (13-1)**

MIDEAST SEC stands for South-eastern Conference, but last week it might as well have stood for Surprises, Excitement and Chaos. First came the chaos. Kentucky Coach Joe Hall started it by alleging that during the previous week's loss at Tennessee, Ernie Grunfeld of the Vols sank four free throws after sneaking to the foul line in place of teammates who had been fouled. Hall called it a "premeditated conspiracy" and said other SEC coaches planned to scan films of their games at Tennessee. Grunfeld denied the charge, and his coach, Ray Mears, labeled Hall's remark "pretty strong language." Mears also said it was "not unusual for a taller man to step in on a jump ball or for a better foul shooter to go to the line in place of a teammate." Retorted Hall, "Is it usual to cheat?"

The surprise occurred when Tennessee lost at Vanderbilt 77-66. On defense, the Commodores concentrated all five players on the Vols' big guns—Bernard King, Grunfeld and Mike Jackson—and held them to 54 points. Excitement abounded in Florida as the Gators upended Alabama 71-70 on Gene Shy's short, banked "hail-hook" at the buzzer. Kentucky beat Georgia 92-76, with Jack Givens scoring 26 points, and nipped Vanderbilt 77-76 as Mike Phillips had 30.

After the Vandy loss, Tennessee got its Bernie and Ernie show in gear, trouncing Florida 93-84, King scoring 43 points and Grunfeld 26. Alabama smothered LSU 113-75 to give it a 4-1 league record and a tie for first place with Auburn, which stopped Mississippi State 75-70 and Georgia 94-70.

"I knew I would need strong legs, so I jumped rope all week," said Michigan's Wayman Britt of his preparation for his matchup against Michigan State's Terry Furlow. In the game Britt roped Furlow, who was leading the Big Ten with a 36.6 scoring average, by limiting him to 13 points. Michigan, behind by 15 at the half, won 66-63 with Britt contributing 18 points. The Wolverines, who earlier had downed Ohio State 84-81, still trailed first-place Indiana by a game. Hoosier Coach Bobby Knight, who insists, "I don't understand my own team," had no trouble deciphering what makes Scott May so superior. Said Knight, "Work. Hard work." May worked his way to 27 points as Indiana beat Illinois 83-55. And when May got into foul trouble against Michigan State it was Kent Benson who got the job done, scoring 23 points in a 69-57 victory.

Marquette polished off DePaul 79-72 and Pitt 73-62.

1. **INDIANA (14-0)** 2. **MARQUETTE (11-1)**

MIDWEST A 93-87 defeat of SMU and a 64-62 decision over Texas Tech left Texas A&M (3-0) the only team unbeaten in Southwest Conference play. Tech (4-1) stopped Texas 67-61 and Rice 83-58. Houston, which the week before lost at Arkansas by 45 points, rallied from a 51-31 deficit with 18:22 left to shave the Razorbacks 72-71.

Surprising Missouri continued its impressive play. After trampling over MacMurray 106-34, the Tigers opened their Big Eight schedule by bludgeoning Kansas 99-69. Willie Smith topped off a 25-point effort against the Jayhawks with a four-minute, 11-point spree. Kansas State's troubles persisted as the Wildcats lost to Nebraska 65-59.

Louisville Coach Denny Crum scheduled a game at Idaho State because he has relatives living nearby. That may be the last time Crum calls on his kin. The Cardinals needed Wesley Cox' basket with one second left for a 52-51 double-overtime win. Louisville then downed Tulsa 78-68 and, with freshman Larry Williams flipping in 28 points, defeated Drake 95-79.

Cincinnati earned a 79-56 victory at Temple, then returned home to knock off Wisconsin-Milwaukee 76-61.

A 61-59 overtime defeat of New Mexico State ran West Texas State's record to 12-1.

1. **CINCINNATI (13-2)** 2. **MISSOURI (13-3)**

WEST Capacity at University Arena in Albuquerque is 17,121, but that did not deter about 20,000 fans from sardining their way in to see New Mexico challenge Nevada-Las Vegas and its 107-point-per-game offense. The visitors won 80-73 on a succession of long shots by Forward Eddie Dwens, who scored 25 points. Dwens had 32 more as the Rebels outlasted Portland State 129-114.

Oregon State topped Washington State 82-73, and Washington stopped Oregon 77-70, setting up a Pacific Eight showdown two nights later in Seattle. The Beavers moved into first place by defeating the Huskies 72-70. Washington's James Edwards had 37 points, but State niddled the basket from outside and got 23 points from Lonnie Shelton, whose soft jumper, with eight seconds to play, sealed matters.

After shading Stanford 68-67, despite being outscored 54-26, UCLA's players met without their coaches for 2½ hours. "Now we are a unit," said Guard Ray Townsend following the meeting that concluded at 1:30 a.m. United, the Bruins defeated California 80-71.

Arizona squamed past Brigham Young 79-78 and downed Utah 67-77 as the WAC race began. Arizona State, an 80-72 loser to Utah, throttled BYU 83-68.

1. **NEV.-LV (10-2)** 2. **WASHINGTON (14-1)**

Island paradise, perhaps

Can a 14-month-old offshore Florida city, which has faced lawsuits and insolvency, retain its goal of ecology first, development second?

Porter Goss, the mayor of the newly incorporated island city of Sanibel, Fla., is fond of showing visitors to his office a brochure for a condominium resort called the Sundial Beach Hotel and Tennis Club. The brochure features this smashing color photograph: in the foreground, a shell-strewn beach; in the background, massive buildings looming starkly against a turquoise sky. The perspective of the picture makes it evident that the photographer shot it while lying on his stomach in the Gulf of Mexico. Unfortunately, the effect is somewhat marred by an inscription that is faintly discernible on one of the shells. It appears to read "\$1.75."

To Goss' mind the use of store-bought shells in a publicity photo smacks of the exploitation and commercialism that on Nov. 5, 1974 led Sanibel to vote to "secede" from Lee County (SI, Feb. 3, 1975) in order, according to the city charter, "to have the rights of self-determination . . . in the planning for the orderly future development of an island community known far and wide for its unique natural environment."

Moreover, Goss, a 37-year-old former CIA man whose senior thesis at Yale was on ancient Greek lyric poets, is not favorably disposed toward condominiums such as the Sundial. "We don't want any more condominiums on the water," he says. "There is only one place you can't walk on the beach on Sanibel, and that's where the sea wall of a condominium has led to the erosion of the beach."

Lying a few miles off Fort Myers, Sanibel comprises nearly 11,000 acres, more than half of them in the J.N. (Ding) Darling National Wildlife Refuge, and has a population of 8,000. It is justly renowned for its shells, beaches and wildlife. Three hundred species of birds, 70 of marine fish, 24 of reptiles and amphibians and 12 of mammals—including the armadillo and opossum, which were not present before the three-mile causeway

to the mainland opened in 1963—have been identified.

The impetus for the home-rule referendum was a building boom in 1973-74 that threatened the ecologically sensitive beach, wetland and mangrove areas as well as the island's amenities. The alternative was scary: the zoning and development criteria of Lee County, which administered Sanibel, provided for a whopping 35,000 residential units (there are now 4,000), with almost no policies or performance standards for protecting the environment.

One of the first acts of Mayor Goss and his four fellow unsalaried city councilmen was to declare a moratorium on all construction until a comprehensive land-use plan was drawn up and approved. Before this could be undertaken, Walter Condon, an off-island developer, initiated a suit—which he eventually lost—challenging the legal existence of the city, whereupon Sanibel's Bank of the Islands said it could not go through with a loan to the city of \$250,000 to cover operating expenses.

Since Sanibel was not yet eligible for revenue sharing and was legally prohibited from collecting property taxes until the beginning of the next fiscal year (October 1975), it appeared that the city might founder before it was properly launched. But as soon as its plight became known, offers of assistance poured in. "And not from a bunch of millionaires," Goss says. "One of the first was Gloria Berry, who was working in the post office on the adjoining island of Captiva. She pledged her life savings of \$1,000 with no strings attached." When the council advertised for pledges for the purchase of tax anticipation notes, the \$250,000 was raised within 72 hours. "We had to turn people down," says Goss. "The city ought to erect a statue of Condon. He was so obviously hostile to what we're trying to do that he became a target the people could rally

against. As corny as it sounds, he made us fighting mad."

Sanibel will need to retain this edge, for there have been and will be other suits from disgruntled developers, but if the courts uphold the will of the voters, their experiment in home rule will have nationwide repercussions. It will be the first time an economically and racially diverse community will have regulated its growth largely for environmental reasons.

To this end, last May Sanibel engaged the Philadelphia firm of Wallace, McHarg, Roberts and Todd, a pioneer in environmental studies, to draw up its land-use plan. On Dec. 1 WMRT produced a 239-page \$106,000 report. It deals with everything from mosquito control to provisions that no exotic species may be planted that might displace a native species to the evacuation of the island in case of a hurricane.

The heart of the plan is the recommendation limiting growth to 6,000 residential units, because "the natural environments of Sanibel are fragile and dynamic [and] have been degraded by urbanization, and if current trends were to continue, the natural amenities . . . would be greatly damaged." In order to protect the beaches, wetlands and mangroves, the plan either prohibits development in these zones or severely restricts it.

Addressing itself to tourism, the economic base of the island, the report says, "The beaches, natural areas [and] shell-ing represent the attraction of tourists to the island. As long as these . . . remain there is every basis to expect that the tourist economy will remain vibrant. The situation of Miami Beach is a case in point. [It] developed a vibrant tourist economy based on the natural beauty of the area and the warm winters. As the natural beauty waned with age and 'walling off the beach' the tourist economy lost its vitality, so that now casino gambling and extensive conventioning are being pursued to revitalize tourism. Sanibel has the advantage of being able to learn from the mistakes of other tourist areas, and the lesson is very clear—protect the resources that generate economic viability in the first place."

According to Goss, Sanibel has Florida's highest hotel occupancy rate, 90%, being typical during the winter. If the 6,000-residential-unit limit is approved, WMRT believes Sanibel could safely add

300 tourist units to its existing 896.

Goss hopes they will not be provided by any of the motel chains, at least one of which is considering development in the wetland area. The other day Goss showed a visitor an artist's rendition of the projected motel, which depicts a vaguely Jamaican structure fronted by a large pond upon which small boats ply.

"I've never seen that pond," the visitor remarked.

"Because it doesn't exist," Goss said, contemplating the dire consequences of creating an artificial pond in the wetlands. "I'm against chains on Sanibel because they'll exploit the island for the chains' benefit. The next thing you know they'll advertise, 'Come to beautiful Sanibel and dance to the lilted strains of...'" Oh, well, another lawsuit.

"This isn't an environmental-nut island. This is a bona fide community of very special people, including poor whites and blacks. We don't want to become a Hobe Sound. Our intent is not exclusionary. We're trying to do something that's never been done before, but can we legally put it together? The issues are clear. Being an island, the boundaries are clear. The will of the people is clear. Sanibel could be one of the great Supreme Court test cases of all time.

"We're not an Orwellian, big-brother city. We're trying to maintain a low-profile government, trying not to pass Mackey Mouse, old-fogey laws. There's a little Thoreau here. And there's a tremendous amount of support from the residents. Ten percent of them are on voluntary committees—the Vegetation Committee, the Historical Committee, the Sign Committee. Nonetheless we found out that even though we won, we can't do everything we want."

Indeed, the Sanibel Planning Commission, faced with a barrage of appeals from dissatisfied property owners and developers, may have to raise the density allocation from 6,000 to 7,500 units, although if that increase goes through, even more stringent performance standards will be required in some cases. "In those areas where we can accommodate people without jeopardy, we will," says Planning Commissioner Duane White. "But if it is clearly demonstrated that the planning commission must make a choice between the desires of the individual and the protection of the island, then the island will win."

END

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Kansas City Water Department engineer takes a sample of Missouri River water for use in some of the 1,200 laboratory tests conducted every day.

New efficiency in purifying 'Big Muddy'

Each day the Kansas City, Missouri Water Department has the enormous job of pumping and purifying 100 million gallons of water from the Missouri River, which by the time it gets to Kansas City, has really earned its nickname, "Big Muddy."

In the summer of 1973, the city water department installed an IBM computer to help it operate more efficiently. The computer's immediate contribution was in more productive use of electricity. The average peak

power demand per million gallons pumped has been cut by 13 per cent, and city officials say the system has more than paid its way in power savings.

More recently, programs have been developed to use the computer to improve procedures in the purification process itself. The department conducts an average of 1,200 laboratory tests a day. That figure may rise to 8,000 a day in the winter and spring when rapid variations in the quality of the river water make the process of water

purification most difficult.

According to water department officials, the computer helps the staff respond more quickly to changes in the river and to reduce the overall use of chemicals needed to purify the water. The result is consistently better drinking water with greater control of costs for the people of Kansas City.

Less paperwork for policemen

The police in Longview, Texas report spending more time on patrol and less on paperwork since installing IBM typing and dictating equipment. Immediately after investigating a crime or an accident, an officer dictates his report from the nearest phone. It is recorded and typed in draft by a clerk. The typewriter then produces final copies automatically at 150 words-a-minute. According to police officials, the system gives patrolmen and detectives more time to do the most important parts of their jobs. It also provides fuller, more accurate reports because the officers dictate them while the facts are still fresh in their minds.



Practical texts help math teachers and students

According to a recent survey, 61 per cent of Americans between the ages of 26 and 35 can't decide whether the "large economy size" in a grocery store is really more economical, and 60 per cent can't figure out the cost of new carpeting for a room.

To better equip children for such everyday calculations, a highly effective math program for elementary schools has been developed by Science Research Associates, a subsidiary of IBM. In two years of field tests across the country, student achievement scores were 15-49 per cent higher than normally expected for grades one through eight. The program now is being adopted for regular use by many schools nationwide.



Financial assistant Marcia Shannon, using small computer, finds she can complete reports in an hour that used to take two or three days.

Small computer proves effective tool in managing small business

In today's economic climate, business management is becoming increasingly complex. Large companies have been able to keep pace with this complexity by using modern data processing techniques. But in the past many small businesses simply could not afford the necessary equipment.

IBM's System/32, a computer specifically designed for small business, was introduced to meet this need. The first company to install it was Midwest Industries, an Omaha, Nebraska construction firm. Within a month the company was making significant savings.

"When we did our job cost reports manually, they could get so far behind that it was nearly impossible to make meaningful management decisions," says Midwest chairman Al Daubman. "Today, all our information is kept right

up to date on the computer. We can look at each current project and try various adjustments to increase our productivity and profitability. We've already found and corrected one problem that was costing us three times what we're paying for the computer."

The System/32 is the first IBM computer to be marketed with complete industry application packages available right from the start. This enabled Midwest to begin producing reports the day after the computer was installed.

"Our reports are much more readable than they were before, with far more accuracy," says financial assistant, Marcia Shannon. "With the System/32, I can now complete a report in one hour that previously took me two to three days to do by hand."



Teacher Susan Phillips of Underwood Hills School in Omaha involves students in solving math problems.

Administrative productivity helps hospital meet growth problem

With the rise in the demand for health care, many small hospitals need to increase productivity in handling the reports required by government and private health insurance programs.

Taft Hospital, in San Patricio County, Texas faced such a productivity problem in 1973. Taft had 40 beds, 112 employees, two doctors—and 60 per cent of its patients on Medicare or Medicaid. Taft met the challenge by installing a small IBM computer. "We were facing a three-month backlog of paperwork," says hospital administrator Leo Davis, "and it was getting worse every day, with more requests for reports. Before we developed our computer system we simply couldn't comply."

Today, according to Mr. Davis, the hospital's paperwork stays current with the help of the computer. This, he says, has made it possible for Taft to contemplate future growth. Since solving the problem, the hospital has increased its staff by four doctors and is adding 40 new beds this year.

The textbooks and teacher guides, designed to make it easier for children to learn—and for teachers to teach—focus on practical math. While there's still plenty of drill to ensure mastery of the basic skills, many of the problems deal with everyday situations such as the supermarket or the cafeteria so that students can see the usefulness of what they are learning. Since some students learn faster than others, the program can be individualized to help them progress at their own pace.

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COLLEGE ATHLETICS / Larry Keith

A narrow defeat for "need"

At the NCAA convention the major sports schools just did turn back a determined move to base athletic scholarships partly on ability to pay

As the air thickened with parliamentary rhetoric at last week's NCAA convention in St. Louis, less and less progress was being made on more and more issues. "Our problem," said one of the 548 voting delegates, "is too much democracy." This may smack of heresy in a Bicentennial year, but such seemed to be the case. Opposing views and divergent interests collided like bumper cars all over the convention floor.

A highly publicized proposal for a national championship football playoff in Division I was not even voted on. Plans to create a "super" division of the NCAA for major college football powers (or schools hoping to become powers) were put off until next year. Also deferred were measures dealing with the NCAA's responsibilities in women's athletics. And finally, after lengthy debate, a proposal to replace full athletic scholarships with grants based partly on need was voted down. If this sort of legislative during had obtained in 1776, we would still be saluting the Union Jack.

Even some of the approved legislation had the taint of negativism. The delegates rescinded several money-saving rules that they had adopted at a special convention only five months before. The most significant action at St. Louis was the removal of the restriction on the number of team members who may travel to away games and suit up at home. This takes third-stringers out of the stands and puts them on the bench, where their morale will be higher even if they can't see the action as well.

Although appeals for economy measures were largely unheeded, if not rebuked, the long-standing tradition of full-ride athletic scholarships among Division I schools was very nearly ended. Offered in their place were grants conferring free tuition but basing room and board on the parents' ability to pay. Although the small Division III schools had accepted "need" in 1974 and the Ivy League has lived comfortably with it for

years, it has never enjoyed much support among Division I and II members. When the August convention resolved that a need formula be presented in January, its chances for passage seemed nil.

Nil, that is, until 75 university presidents showed up in St. Louis, many of them to speak in favor of need, most to vote for it. This was three times the number of presidents attending last year's convention and some 73 more than in 1974. "We're not here to be adversaries," said Stephen Horn of Long Beach State, "but to do something about the cost of college athletics."

College presidents are about as popular at NCAA conventions as chaperons at a ninth-grade party. Never mind that they look and sound better than most of their athletic directors; when they step to the microphone to speak of "integrity," as Glenn Olds of Kent State did, the lights come on and the music stops.

Because opposition to need is strongest among Division I's football-playing elite, the appearance of several Pacific Eight presidents was noteworthy. "Need scholarships are essential for the financial preservation of a strong intercollegiate athletic program," Charles Young of UCLA told the convention. As to how much money could be saved, estimates ranged from \$65,000 a year at Washington State to \$150,000 at Stanford.

The anti-need forces had been caught off guard. Unable to argue dollars and cents effectively, they invoked history, philosophy and Mark Spitz. "I would hate to think that Mark Spitz couldn't have gotten a scholarship because his father was a dentist," said one delegate with more emotion than accuracy. The elder Spitz is an engineer. Speaking for 30 Division I independents, Penn State Athletic Director Ed Czekaj said, "We've lived with scholarships for a long time and I think it's a good system."

University of the Pacific President Stanley McCaffrey retorted, "Need doesn't discriminate and it's fair in its

provisions. The thing which students and faculties criticize most is making athletics special. When we give athletic scholarships, it's very difficult to defend against that criticism."

The athletic director of a small Eastern school rose to observe, "There seems to be a difference of opinion between big football schools and the college presidents. I say we support the presidents."

The first opportunity to do that came just before lunch on Friday. Playing their ace, the presidents pushed through a procedural requirement that final consideration of need be made by roll call. Thus, any athletic director under orders from back home to vote "yes" could not hide a negative vote behind an anonymous show of the paddles the delegates used to signify aye or nay when a show of hands was asked.

During lunch the big schools all but conceded defeat. "I think it's going to pass," said Michigan's Don Canham. Arkansas Coach (and athletic director) Frank Broyles was already anticipating a deterioration of discipline. "When a boy's daddy is paying his way," said Broyles, "I'm not sure the boy would want to run 15 wind sprints in 100-degree weather. Need is a very bad thing for schools that emphasize winning."

The long interruption between morning and afternoon sessions worked against the presidents, however. The Rev. Edmund Joyce of Notre Dame, a persuasive spokesman, had time to prepare a strong case in opposition. "I feel something like Daniel did in the lion's den," he began. "I am a mere vice-president venturing against a phalanx of presidents." With that he was off and away.

Agreeing that the need requirement had merit for some schools but insisting that major college football and basketball constituted a "unique situation," he said financial disclosure by parents would be "demeaning." And he asked the convention to imagine the problem of the coach whose right guard was getting a larger grant than his right tackle.

Joyce spoke for 14 minutes. When he sat down the applause was loud and long. More parliamentary rattle-dazzle followed and the anti-need forces managed to override the earlier decision to vote by roll call. This seemed to ensure defeat for need, but when the paddles were raised the vote was 119-119. Overtime. The chair ordered a roll call and, lo and behold, the vote was now 112 for need

scholarships and 120 against. Need had been defeated, but ever so narrowly.

After the convention recessed for the day, one delegate after another came by to congratulate and give thanks to Joyce. "That's as fine a presentation as I've ever heard," said Broyles.

The need vote was much closer than anyone had anticipated because conferences such as the Pacific Eight and Atlantic Coast and some major independents—like Georgia Tech and Syracuse—voted for it. The most surprising "yes" came from Maryland, though it was a grudging affirmative. "No, I don't like it," Athletic Director Jim Kehoe said, "but my president does."

Presidential influence may also have much to say about the formation of a "super" spinoff from Division I. President Richard Lyman of Stanford is "not too happy at all about a division where the sky is the limit. The NCAA should not be like an amoeba, separating forever and ever."

That is what the upper echelon of the Division I football-playing schools want, however. They can almost be identified by their votes against need. Their only need, they say, is to be left alone, to play the game the way they want to play it. "We can afford it," said a Big Eight spokesman, "so why don't the other schools let us do it?"

When reorganization is presented again next year, perhaps they will. The Division III schools may support the football powers if only to keep their television revenue in the association. Possibly Division II as well. The strongest opponents are those Division I schools that do not want to be shunted off to a lesser status. The very hint of this brought cries of dissent from the Southern, Mid-American and Missouri Valley Conferences. Several members said talk of a possible loss of status had already cut alumni contributions. Appalachian State, which earned Division I recognition only in recent years, felt it was unfair to have to start over. A spokesman for Marshall said, "We've been slapped in the face."

No action was taken on a football playoff because it had been tied to reorganization. Ernie Casale, the committee chairman and Temple athletic director, was not confident of its chances, anyway. "A lot of schools are in favor of it but won't vote that way because of opposition by the bowls," he said. **AND**

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Just starting to hit her stride

When Jacki Hansen changed events the result was a new world record

At five o'clock on a winter afternoon in Southern California's San Fernando Valley the sunset is out of an MGM musical—apple-green sky blending upward to turquoise and wisps of salmon-colored cloud floating over the black silhouette of the Santa Monica Mountains.

Near the foot of the mountains, in a scruffy junior-college football stadium, 30 members of the San Fernando Valley Track Club—school kids, CPAs, housewives, firemen, doctors and college students—await the order to begin their 2½-mile warmup jog.

The stadium lights suddenly blaze, erasing the spectacle in the western sky, and the coach barks in a Hungarian accent, "O.K., you guys, let's go. Five big laps." As the runners move off in a bobbing bunch, a small, pigtailed figure in a light-green warmup suit dashes out from under the grandstand and onto the field in pursuit.

Jacki Hansen, 27, the fastest female alive at 26 miles, 385 yards, is late for her workout, but her coach, Laszlo Tabori, the third man ever to run a sub-four-minute mile, chooses to overlook the transgression. His world-record holder has just returned from Hawaii, where she completed her sixth marathon, winning the women's division, and in a few days she will leave for a race in Brazil, a virtual sprint of 8,900 meters. His goal for the moment is just to keep her fresh. No need to pack in the miles.

So for two hours Jacki Hansen runs 220s, 440s and 660s as Tabori prescribes

them, varying in tempo from rolling to rhythmic to driving, interspersed with jogging recovery laps.

Five years ago Hansen was a mile-a-day jogger, without a coach, a training schedule or a goal. She had competed in the 100 and the hurdles since high school, but with limited success and less encouragement. "I was not a natural," she says. "In high school my coach wouldn't even take me to the city meet."

She was fortunate to have a coach at all in those days. She had been a member of the first track class for girls ever set up in a Los Angeles city school, but by the time she got to L.A. Pierce Junior College the opportunities for girl runners had shrunk. Track was being handled by a golf teacher who turned over the coaching, such as it was, to Hansen and a friend. "And the farther you went, the worse it got," she says.

When she arrived at Cal State-Northridge, a four-year college in the middle of the San Fernando Valley, Hansen was the only woman who wanted to run. "They told me I could go out and run every day, and they'd give me a grade," she says. By 22, going to school and working for a living and having no one to run with had just about finished her as a competitor.

In the fall of 1970 the turnaround began. While jogging a loop around the campus at Northridge, she met Judy Graham, a miler. They began running together regularly, and before long Graham introduced Hansen to Tabori, who had defected to the U.S. along with many other Hungarians following the 1956 Melbourne Olympics and was then coaching the men's cross-country team at Los Angeles Valley College.

The next spring Hansen began to work out with Tabori at L.A. Valley. It was Tabori's first experience coaching women, but his team, made up of Judy Graham, who eventually ran a 4:48 mile, Hansen, whom he assigned to the mile and half mile, Becky Dennis and Sue Kinsey, took second at the AAU championships the next year. "They had to get used to me and my ideas,"

he said, "Interval training, training constantly. It took a while."

While adapting to Tabori and his system, Hansen also discovered distance running. Real distance. As part of their training she and Judy Graham occasionally ran a six-mile loop, out to a nearby flood-control dam and back. The dam and the dry lake behind it were the home turf of a group of senior distance runners who regularly ran 12- and 14-mile workouts. Eventually Graham and Hansen were persuaded to go along. Judy did not cotton to the experience, but Jacki says, "I could tell it was right up my alley. I knew I wanted to do more."

About that time Hansen also happened to see Cheryl Bridges, a schoolteacher from San Luis Obispo, win the Culver City Marathon in the world-record time of two hours, 49 minutes, and her resolve was reinforced. "I wanted to jump into that race," she says.

When she announced her marathon intentions to Tabori, he had some doubts, but in the end it was the coach who gave in. "He said that there were things he wished he had done when he was younger and that this was obviously something inside me, and that I should go ahead and do it," Hansen recalls. "He also said, 'You're stubborn enough. You will probably go pretty far.'"

A marathon has been described as two races: the first 20 miles and the last six.



HANSEN'S GOAL NOW IS A SIX-MINUTE-A-MILE AVERAGE

In her first race, at Culver City the following year, Hansen says she clipped along at a seven-minute-a-mile pace for 20 miles in "an ecstatic mood." Then she hit the 20-mile wall. "I don't remember the last six miles," she says. "It was a devastating experience, the hardest thing I had ever done in my life." Still, she won, and her time—three hours, 15 minutes—qualified her for the Boston Marathon in April 1973, the first in which women were to be allowed to compete officially.

Tabori, seeing his own prediction about Hansen's potential come true, added long morning runs to her schedule and increased the length of her afternoon workouts. She was logging as much as 140 miles a week, but although she won the women's division at Boston in 3:05:0 and continued to compete at lesser distances through the rest of the year, she began to be plagued with injuries.

Part of her problem was her stride. She still ran like a half-miler, on her toes. "I got away with it for a long time," she says, "but, finally, it took its toll."

In the summer of 1974 she was fitted with inserts for her shoes that instantly corrected her stride. That September, in Waldneil, Germany, she ran the best marathon of her life and her first under three hours (2:56:24) and finished fifth overall. One week later, while she and a friend, Tom Sturak, a good Masters miler, were traveling in Italy, she ran her best 15 kilometers. "We saw a poster on the parlor wall of our boardinghouse in Florence," she says. "We didn't know whether it was a footrace or a bike race or a hike, but we copied it down and decided to enter." Sturak finished sixth, Hansen was seventh in 52:15 and, because she was the only woman in the race, the organizers gave her a bouquet of red carnations—and a flatiron.

From the European trip on, Hansen was in the big time. In December 1974 she again ran the Culver City Marathon, this time in a world-record 2:43:56. She had had difficulty hearing the times of her splits, so it was not until she was within one block of the finish, when she heard Tabori shouting "2:43!", that she first knew she was three minutes under the record then in dispute between Christa Vahlensieck of West Germany and Chantal Langlacé of France. It was Hansen's fourth marathon.

A few months later Vahlensieck took back the record with a 2:40:15 in Dülmen, West Germany, but Hansen was

still improving. She passed up the Boston Marathon last year, largely because of the expense, but also because of the effect its frequent bad weather might have on her time. She pointed instead for Eugene, Ore. where, on Oct. 12, a cool, cloudy day, perfect for a marathon, she set another world record—2:38:19. She averaged 6:02 per mile, but this time when she passed the 20-mile mark, she actually picked up the pace to an average of 5:58 for the final six.

Currently the best female marathoners are running about 20% slower than the best men, compared to approximately 10% slower at 100 meters and 12% in the middle distances. But the gap is narrowing. From 1967 on, the women's record has dropped more than 37 minutes (since April 1973 Hansen has lowered her own time by 27 minutes). "The next barrier is 2:30, I guess, but there won't be any more big chunks," she says. "Two thirty-six would be under a six-minute pace. I'd like that."

The International Road Runners Club in Switzerland is considering the feasibility of including a women's marathon in the 1980 Olympics, which is small comfort to female marathoners in this Olympic year, especially Hansen, whose record time would have placed her ahead of 15 men at Munich.

But for Jacki, at least, there are other compensations. More and more meet organizers are including women in their distance-race plans, and as the world-record holder she gets her share of expenses-paid speaking engagements. Her job as an underwriter for a health-insurance plan pays enough for her to get by, and her supervisor, Bill Adler, is a runner himself so the job is tailored to her schedule of training and meets. In return for this accommodation Hansen helps put together the monthly newsletter of the Masters Striders, the club for which Adler competes. "It's the least I can do, I think," she says. "I make \$4.25 an hour and have fringe benefits like a week's paid vacation to anywhere I want to go, and I'm insured up to my teeth."

All 5' 2½" of Jacki Hansen radiates her sense of well-being these days. She sometimes wears a pin that says UPPITY WOMAN, a gift from a running companion, but her self-assurance runs deeper than slogans. "Running is my way of living now," she says. "Every morning feels better because of it. I want to live a long time and run forever."

END

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THE GUNS OF BOYHOOD

Like his father before him, he yearned for the recognition that comes with maturity and sought it in the Texas wilderness that had challenged generations of his family by WILLIAM HUMPHREY

CONTINUED



of the East Texas woods came the first money the boy ever earned. Poking around in the barn of one of the places they stayed on, he found a few rusty old steel traps. These he baited and set in the sloughs and the bayous. He trapped muskrats, coons, an occasional red or gray fox. He would run his line in the morning before beginning his day's chores. Lacking a gun, he carried a club to kill the animals with.

He made stretchers for his skins, sawing them from a plank and rounding one end and smoothing the edges with a piece of bottle glass. The skins were removed whole, like a pullover sweater, stretched over the boards, and the flesh and the fat scraped off. When they were fleshed they were salted; when dried stiff, removed from the boards. He sold his skins to the keeper of the crossroads store at Lone Star.

To the store at that season of the year came a special class of men—or men whom the season lifted out of their class and into a special one. Not there then for the dull business of trading, these men were hunters. The contrast between them and his own plodding, pleasureless father shamed the boy. Some of these men were sharecroppers, like him; but they had in them a spark that his father lacked—that spark of response to a world beyond grubbing and hoeing in the dirt. It took them out of themselves and into something bigger, older and longer lasting than themselves. Each pursuing the most solitary of pastimes, there was yet a feeling of fraternity among them.

Their dogs were hunting dogs, not dooryard mutts, with bloodlines like nobility, bred and framed, with that look, a rare look in these parts, of the pampered and idle, the sporting class. Some had reputations countywide.

Leaning against the wall of the store would be the hunters' guns. The boy dared not look as long at them as he would have liked. If no hunter appeared while he and his father were there, he could gaze at the two or three old muzzle-loaders that the storekeeper had for sale, battered veterans with the stocks splattered at the grip, held together with wire—even these hopelessly beyond his

dream of owning. He gave serious thought to stealing one, was deterred by his certainty that his longing for one, which he supposed must emanate from him like musk, would point the finger of suspicion directly at him.

The little money he got from the sale of his skins kept alive his dream of one day owning a gun. A gun would free him, make him independent, self-reliant, and would arm him to resist recapture. With a gun he could run away from home and never be brought back. Goodbye to chores, to chopping and picking cotton, cutting wood. He would live like an Indian—which he was in part—live in and off the woods. He would make himself clothes from the skins of animals, shoes from their hides. What he required that the woods could not provide he would steal, like the Indians, like the animals themselves. He would come out of the woods at night as the coons and the foxes did and raid his father's corn patch, his mother's kitchen garden. When he got to wanting a chicken he would steal one from the chicken house. And for his one store-bought essential, ammunition for his gun, he would trade—trap and trade his skins.

Sitting on the gallery of the store or inside around the stove, the hunters complained of the scarcity of game. They remembered when they were able in half a day, in a half-mile walk, to fill a buck-bag.

No wonder the boy had to go deep to find game. What did the men expect? For the animals never to learn, never to adapt, to keep on coming back generation after generation to the slaughter? To keep coming back to woods that were thinned more each year, where there was less for them to feed on, less cover to hide in, more hunters, more dogs out to kill them?

"Go in there deep enough," someone always said, "and you'll still find them." And someone else, "Yeah. But who's going to find you?"

The boy listened, solemn-faced, wide-eyed, unnoticed, and kept his silence. It was not for one his age to claim to know more than grown men knew. Besides, he was not aware of what he knew. By then

he knew things about the woods that he did not know he knew, and certainly not that he was the only one who knew.

And so he was as surprised as the men, and possibly as skeptical, when the storekeeper said, "That boy there. Him there [for it was possible in a sweep of the eyes to miss him], he can take you anywhere you want to go in there. What's more, he can bring you out again."

He looked hardly big enough to know his way home. But maybe if you did not take him in far enough to tire out his short legs, so that you wound up having to carry him out on your back, he could make himself useful, in the absence of a dog, as your turner. You required a turner, hunting squirrels: a boy or a noisy dog to go around to the other side of the tree and keep the squirrel from turning as you turned and keeping the trunk between you, as one of them would do by the hour if the tree was an isolated one and it could not leap to another.

So he began to go into the woods with them, and hunters coming back with game bags fuller than they had been in years said to the storekeeper, "That boy is a cutter!" Then the men he never saw before, from Clarksville, Bogata, Detroit, Fulbright, would ask for him—that little button-eyed, cotton-headed tyke that could take you in there and put you on game stands like you never seen before, and who could outlast you, was sorry to come in when you were ready to quit. His father even excused him from some work, because he took from the boy the dime or the two bits he was tipped for his services. He was still as far from a gun as ever while craving one all the more, having had a taste of it when he was sometimes allowed by a hunter to shoot his.

The boy's father was one of those row-crop farmers with no feeling but hostility for land not cleared, productive, profitable. He longed for a piece of farmland of his own so much, and so hopelessly, that he resented that worthless woodland of which a wilderness surrounded him. From such a father a boy longing for a gun could expect no sympathy, not even if he had had the money to give him for



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT M. CUNNINGHAM

one. Too poor to buy a gun, even to hope to buy one so long as he was only a boy and not earning wages, son of a man who himself held cash money in his hand just once a year—and then just long enough to take it from the cotton buyer to the owner of the general store who had provisioned him on credit since the same time a year ago—the boy realized that there was only one way for him to satisfy his longing.

A breechloader, using factory-made shells, was beyond him. Boughten shells were too powerful, required a gun made of proof steel, a firing chamber capable of withstanding great gas pressure, a moving block, a firing pin too complex for his tools, his skill. But in those days there were still in use a great many old percussion cap and ball muzzleloaders, and stores still stocked black powder, caps and bulk shot for them.

His father had tools and a forge, as did every farmer, for home blacksmithing jobs, and the boy, already mechanical, was always using them to make himself something or other. No notice was taken, no questions asked about what he

was up to now. Questions from his father, or mother for that matter, about what he was up to usually got no response, anyway.

He found a length of small-gauge iron pipe threaded and capped at one end. Its thickness made it heavy and so he dressed it down with a file. Only a child, or a lifetime prisoner, a sailor or a lighthouse-keeper would have had the patience. He filed a hammer and trigger out of a bar of scrap iron, shaped a lock and fitted it with a flat spring. Three stocks he had to carve, with grooves for the barrel and the ramrod, before he got one right. He forged two barrel bands from harness rings. From the hickory handle of a worn-out hoe he whittled a ramrod. He made himself a powder horn. By then he had turned 13.

On his annual trip into Clarksville to the gin that fall he brought the metal parts with him, secreting them beneath the wagon bed. He took them to a machinist in town. He ordered the man to drill and tap a hole in the barrel and insert in it the threaded nipple for the caps, tap screw holes for a lock. Fingering in

his pocket the dollar and a quarter that was his capital, he asked how much he owed. The man refused payment. (The boy would repay that mechanic's favor to him many times over by making and repairing in a repair garage of his own anything he could that any boy in town asked him to.)

It was the last of his many guns that he would really care for. He would always use a gun hard, taking care only of its mechanism, not its looks; when one was used up, he got another one. So long as one came to his shoulder right, functioned mechanically, he cared little or nothing about its appearance. His were strange-looking things, built like he himself was built; sawed-off, but not at the muzzle—at the butt. Standing, a gun of his looked as though it was resting in a hole. The reach of his arms was short; to accommodate it, he sawed about three inches off the stock. This made a gun muzzle-heavy, but the muzzle could not be shortened without removing the choke. To compensate, he would drill holes in the gunstock beneath the butt plate and fill them with lead. That done to it, he was deadly with the gun.

The boy hid his finished muzzleloader in the rafters of the barn. Next time his father drove to the store he went along with a bundle of skins which he meant to trade, on the sly, for powder, caps and shot. He clambered up the wheel spokes, onto the hub and over the sideboards, and he saw lying on the wagon bed, beneath the seat, his gun. He took his place on the seat. As they were crossing the bridge over Scatter Creek, his father whooped to the team. He reached under the seat, brought out the gun and flung it into the creek. Whereupon, from his side of the bridge, the boy flung his bundle of skins into the creek. His father flicked the reins and the team moved on.

My heart broke for the poor boy when my father told me this story. He laughed. "He"—meaning *his* father—"was right," he said. "I do not doubt that thing would have blown up and killed me the first time I pulled the trigger."

My first shotgun cost a nickel. One chance on the punchboard in a diner

continued

where my father stopped one day just when it was getting time his boy, about to turn 12—which was to say, going on 13—had a shotgun and learned to use it. It was a four-shot bolt action .410, the smallest of all the gauges. Being the lightest to carry, the cheapest to shoot and the one with the least kick, it was the gauge boys were apprenticed on. From that beginning the grades up were 20, 16 and 12. It ought to have been the other way 'round. Throwing the smallest charge and carrying the least far, the .410 ought to have been the gun for the most refined wing shot, the one in a thousand who is born, not made.

Now instead of stationary targets I began shooting at moving ones, or rather,

BOYHOOD

continued

nearby farms where mourning doves flocked to feed on the sorghum and the durum and to the stock ponds to drink. That was the summer I shared with my chum Pete Hinkle a passion for casting, painting and warring with lead soldiers, and after a day of this, Pete sometimes went with my father and me dove shooting. I was not embarrassed to have Pete see me miss time after time, for Pete was no better shot than I was, though with his gun, a 20-gauge double barrel, he ought to have been.

We crouched in the tall grass at the



I followed them with the gun waiting for them to stop moving and become stationary. Finally, before the bird flew out of range or the rabbit hopped out of sight, I fired, and watched it fly on, hop faster. "You're trying to aim. Don't. If you shoot or it, then you have shot at where it just was," my father told me. "You have to shoot at where it's going to be."

For my age I was a pretty good rifleman, and for a wing shot I was a pretty good rifleman. To my father it was being a wing shot that separated the men from the boys. He was the best of them all, and I, his only son, his sole hope of a successor, could not get the hang of it. My father was patient with me but I was impatient with myself.

During my 12th summer I would meet my father at the garage at quitting time and we would drive out of town to the

edge of the pond, the seltale white of our faces blotted by long cap bills. A whistle from my father signaled the approach of a bird: one if from the left, two from the right. He gave first chance at every bird that winged in to us, and Pete and I took turns missing them, sometimes missing the same one in turn before it ran head-on into the charge of shot my father had left waiting for it on the air, then crumpled and fell. It was left to lie where it fell. When the day was over, Pete and I gathered them up like nuts from a thrashed tree, wading for those fallen into the pond, searching for the others among the grass, my father directing us to them, he having marked them down and kept a tally of the bag.

In the course of the summer both Pete and I unavoidably got a little better at it. I began to think that the knack was

not hopelessly beyond me after Pete lent me his gun a few times. My improvement with the 20-gauge raised my self-confidence and I shot better with my own gun. I had learned what deceptive birds doves were. They looked slow and as if they ought to be easy to hit but they were fast and their flight erratic and unpredictable, capable of sudden acceleration, full of dips and flares, tricky as a pilot dodging flak. You swung from behind, passed it, fired and followed through, stringing out the charge in a path on the air ahead of the bird. And you still missed a great many more than you brought down.

My performance on doves qualified me to be taken quail hunting in the fall, although quail are actually easier to hit than doves. Possibly because of their comparative scarcity, possibly because they are more prized on the plate, whatever the reason, the rule is immemorial and inviolable: doves are boys' game, quail men's.

But I could not hit them. On this superior bird, this man's game, and being privileged for the first time to shoot over dogs, I did less well than I did on doves. The joy of shooting over dogs had been impressed upon me, but it was something that until now I had to take on faith from my father, just as I took on faith (although about this I had reservations) that the time would come when I would enjoy doing what he had recently told me that men did with women.

His bird dogs at that time—"ours," he now began calling them—were Mack and Kate, brother and sister English setters; he white speckled with black, she black spotted with white. Though still young, they were, in my father's opinion, already the best dogs he had ever owned. They were completing their training as I was commencing mine. We could look forward to years of pleasure out of them.

He was right about the joy of watching good bird dogs at work, maybe about that other business, too, then. To see Mack and Kate divide a field between them in quarters and cover its every yard, their tails like flags for us to follow, watch one of them suddenly brake, stiffen, straighten its tail, and the other then come to honor its set, to watch them inch up on the cover just enough to hold it, not enough to flush it, was as thrilling as my father had told me it was.

That was my job: to flush the covey,

continued



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and it was one reason I could not hit the birds. They could never be seen until they broke, for they were the color of nature's autumn: of dead leaves, dry grass, twigs, mottled rocks, sunshine and shadow, and, up to the last moment, they could hug the earth as though made of it. When I kicked and they burst at my feet it was as though I had stepped on a land mine. Like shell fragments they went whirling off in all directions. Their flight was low to the ground and short. You had to be steady, cool and quick, and I could never recover from my shock in time to get off a sensible shot before they had all pitched to the ground. To think of ever being able to drop one, then swing on a second, even a third, on a single rise, as my father did consistently, seemed as unlikely for me as dad that other business. The long fall season reached closing day without my having cleanly killed a single bird. Some at which we both had fired my father credited to me, but he was just being fond.

By then, closing day, no longer was the burst at my feet when I kicked quite so explosive. The big coveys, disbanded by gunning, thinned by predators, were broken up into singles, doubles, triples now. Still, I was sluggish in my reflexes, and instead of pointing my gun, I potted.

We had had the morning to hunt. Now it was almost noon and we were working our way back to the car, my father's game pockets, as always, bulging; mine, as always, empty, when, emerging from a woods into a clearing, the two dogs simultaneously set. Tails stiff and straight out behind them, heads high, they seemed to be holding the birds transfixed by their steady stares.

When I kicked, three birds flushed, two one way, one another. So rapid were my father's two shots that they seemed one, and to each a bird, in a burst of feathers, fell. I in my pottering way was following the lone bird, when my father swiveled, found it and fired. He scored a clean miss. I fired, and in a third burst of feathers on the air, that bird fell.

I acted as though I was used to doing it easily. So did my father and he was off-

BOYHOOD

continued

hand in congratulations to me. But he was almost visibly puffed with pride. That he himself had missed the bird doubled his pleasure.

Forgotten were the uncountable number of quail he had brought down whenever he told the story of that one of mine. Before long he was omitting to mention the two he had gotten on that rise before



I killed the one he had shot at and missed.

Counting my one, we took home 53 quail that day. Game was not a treat for us. It was the staple of our diet; butcher's meat was the rarity in our house. My girl-mother, until late at night, plucking birds into a washtub and sneezing as the feathers or the down tickled her nose, is one of my most vivid images of her, as is the one of my father stepping on the tail of a squirrel and peeling it out of its skin. Despite my mother's thoroughness as a housekeeper, pinfeathers and wisps of fur floated around doorjamb and lingered

in corners of our house. The habit of watching for birdshot in my meat was so ingrained in me that I did it when eating fried chicken.

Yet it would have surprised my father to be called a game-hog. He was simply providing for his family. To the question, "What if everybody killed as many as you do?" he would have answered, "But not everybody does" (refraining out of modesty from saying "Nobody else does"), and would have expected that answer to quiet the fears of anybody concerned (in those days few were) over the future of wildlife. He heard men complain about the scarcity of game, but he had been hearing that all his life, and always from the same ones: those who were not very good hunters. There were good years and bad years, as there had always been, as there were for any of nature's crops. The long recent drought had had an effect, but that was coming to an end now, and once the birds and the animals had rebuilt their numbers, we would see good times again.

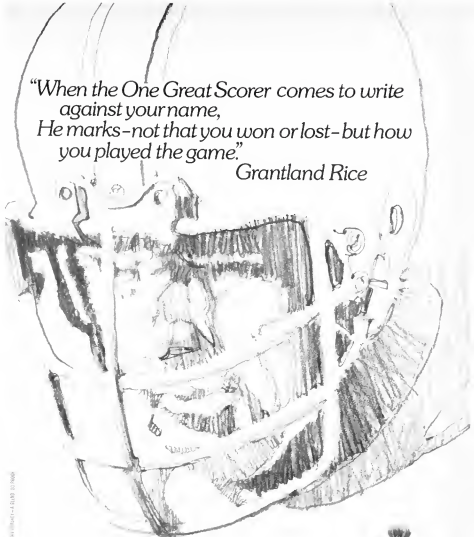
That one closing-day quail of mine earned me the right to be taken a time or two that winter to shoot over the water, at the game bird supreme: wild duck. Only a time or two, for duck shooting is where not merely the boys but the lever men are separated from the men. Not just because ducks are the hardest to hit of all moving targets, but also because duck shooting is done under conditions demanding uncommon patience, stamina and strength.

The use of live decoys in shooting ducks had been outlawed the previous year, or maybe the one before that; but my father was never a strict observer of any of the game laws. In this he was not alone among hunters in our parts—just the most flagrant violator. Game laws were unenforceable there in those times. No effort was even made to enforce them. The post of warden, if not vacant, was held by somebody I had never heard of—somebody who wisely worked not very hard at the job. To have done so would have made a man highly unpopular there where men had always

continued

*"When the One Great Scorer comes to write
against your name,
He marks-not that you won or lost-but how
you played the game."*

Grantland Rice



*Oh, how the Cowboys played the game. All season
long they showed us the stuff champions are made of.
The skill, the dedication, the hard work. The sacrifice and
the courage. No single game can change all that.*

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on a fine season. From Seagram's 7 Crown.***



hunted for meat, and took it as their fundamental and inalienable right to go hunting whenever they felt like it and to be limited in their kill by nothing but their own prowess—and where judges and jurors agreed with them wholeheartedly. Gentlemen-sportsmen are not found on the frontier; and although the frontier was gone, and my father was one of those responsible, men like him had yet to learn this. Federal laws, like those protecting migratory game birds, they thought were something applicable to the other states of the Union, perhaps, but not to Texas.

My father kept his flock of live decoys in our backyard—whenever we moved, they moved with us—and in the face of the law he still drove through the town square with them quacking loudly in their cage affixed to the rear of the Model T touring car he used for hunting, and which could get with equal ease through the mud of Sulphur Bottom or the sand spread thickly for miles by the Red River in its periodic risings. Mallards, his were: three dozen of them, the imbalance between the sexes favoring hens over drakes. Siren-songs they quacked to their former fellows.

The wildfowler loves foul weather. Then the birds are on the wing. When days are short they must be active during the few daylight hours. Fearing freezing of their feeding grounds, they must be on the move. Rain and fog hamper their vision. The gunner endures these conditions in order to take advantage of the pressures they put upon the birds. Always on my initiatory expeditions to the Red River, it had been raining, was raining, and it was going to rain—cutting rain often mixed with sleet, with a steady north wind driving it.

Even the Model T could get us only so near to the water. From our stopping place we proceeded on foot—all 38 of us.

My father had rigged a stout cord, like a trolley, to which, every few feet, instead of a fishhook, was attached a snap swivel. Each duck was banded on one leg,

BOYHOOD

Continued

and like convicts in a chain gang marshaled out of their van and manacled and marched to their work on the road, they were snapped to this cord; we two their shotgunned guards. Leading the column was always the same bird, an old drake that had established himself as the gang boss.

When the decoys were on the water we took our places in the blind, my father wiping out with a bough the footprints we left in the wet sand. The blind was a pot dug into a sandbar and slant-roofed with reeds. To see out, I stood on a crate.

Our watch of the gray skies would go long unrewarded. Then out of the mist they would suddenly appear like a squadron of fighter planes in formation streaking to intercept the enemy. Immune to the seductive quacking of our decoys, some, high out of range, swept on. But another flock would bank and turn, circle, circle again more narrowly, dip, dive, and then you could hear the whistle of their wings as they swooped overhead. "Pintails," my father would whisper, or, "Mallards." What he said that gave him the most satisfaction was "Canvasbacks."

He considered that the new law limiting duck shooters to three shots was for those who chose to obey it. As he always had, he carried five rounds in his hammerless pump 12-gauge with the long, full-choked barrel, and I was to see him drop five birds on a single pass, beginning with the hindmost and working forward so that the flock could not count its losses.

When hit, ducks did not fold up and tumble down. Their speed seemed hardly to slow. They sailed on in a steadily falling trajectory and crashed into the water like a plane with its pilot dead at the controls.

The newly established daily limit on

ducks was 25. Since I was not able to fill mine myself, my father did it for me. That was only fair, as I was a beginner, and handicapped, undergunned. I tried my father's big gun and did no better with it than with the .410, getting nothing but a bruised shoulder in reward. I never minded. I was started now, in me my father was rediscovering the joy of just starting, and under his eager tutelage I was sure to show steady improvement.

On mornings when my father took me hunting with him we would get to the woods at about the hour my mother and I had gotten to the Paris, Texas hospital in the ambulance with him that morning. But in the woods it would seem like the hour just before Creation. It was as if God said again each day, "Let there be light." Looking just as they must have on the first day, the woods took shape out of the void. The change seemed chemical, like a photographic print in the developer in the dimness of the darkness, the image appearing out of nothingness, then rapidly becoming distinct, recognizable, familiar. The transformation in my father seemed chemical, too. Perhaps even more in recent years, when illness and disappointment and worry had borne him down, that old boyish wonder of his whenever he went to the woods made a boy of him again. In me he saw the boy he once had been and then for a time he was once again himself. My oneness with him gave me some of his sense of oneness with that world.

He and I had long ago dispensed with talk while hunting. I knew what was expected of me. If, for instance, we were there now, as soon as the woods were light I would have crept around to the other side of that oak, and that first squirrel that came out to feed and chatter would now be lying on the ground, brought down by that keen right eye that would never look down a gun barrel again.

END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 13-18

PRO BASKETBALL—**NBA** A 72-64 defeat of Cleveland's Cleveland Cavaliers led to 115 games over the Cavaliers, and by week's end that margin was 215 as the visiting Braves won their 11th game in their last 11 games, 105-103 against Philadelphia. Third-place Atlanta moved to within half a game of Cleveland, winning 40-91, Los Angeles led the league in scoring, averaging 104.5 points per game in the last six minutes of play. Houston lost its third game of the week, 101-97 to New Orleans, an encounter that moved the Jazz out of the Rockets into the cellar. Boston remained atop the Atlantic, by defeating Philadelphia 118-100, with Dave Corbin taking a 20-point high of 39 and grabbing 18 rebounds. New York edged out to 50th by beating Kansas City 101-90, the 10th Knicks won their 10th 14 games. League high scorer Bob McAdoo got 45 points, hitting a rare 16 from the free in the third quarter of a 126-109 Rockets win over the Nets. The Braves remained near games behind Boston, losing Chicago 106-104 and Seattle 108-109. Los Angeles broke a four-game losing streak with a 104-102 defeat of Chicago. Kansas' Abdul-Jabbar scoring the winning basket at the buzzer was a 24-foot game shot. That was not Seattle's 100-85 loss to Washington. moved the Lakers back into second place in the Pacific, while the Warriors beat Golden State. Atlanta defeated the Warriors 98-90 to extend its winning streak that had included a 127-101 victory in the first and a 129-103 drubbing of Houston. Portland's Bill Walton hit a career high of 36 points in a 116-109 defeat of Atlanta. The 32 in 106-104 by the Pistons and a 102-94 defeat of Kansas City. No team has years has a winning record, and Milwaukee lost in the last game with 16-27, while the last losing record in the Atlantic and Central divisions. Every Midwest team played and lost Friday night. Chicago 101-106 in Buffalo, Detroit 111-104 to Portland. Kansas City 102-90 to New York, and the discomfelling Bucks 94-92 to New Orleans.

AFL Detroit used a third-quarter rally to defeat the 137-112, trailing the night to win the first an All-Star team on the Nuggles home court. In the new Denver game rookie David Thompson, a 20-year-old center back, scored 10 points to lead the survivor a seven-point lead and won 124-118. Kentucky defeated third-place San Antonio 20-10, with former Super Bowl player Dan Fouts scoring 38 points and collecting 12 rebounds, while St. Louis 121-115. The Colts' split home-and-away games with Detroit, the Packers' victory at Denver 137-113 and the Colts' win at Louisville 119-117, all among the Colts' into fourth place in games behind the Vikings. The second-place team lost the Vikings 130-99 after the league upheld their protest of a 112-97 defeat at Virginia. The last 29 minutes and five seconds of that game will be replayed on Jan. 24. The disputed win had been the Steelers' first since Dec. 10, and a walk to victory 126-115 in an Oakland game to split in search of its sixth victory this season.

BOWLED **L. LUGG**—**JAMES P. MORGAN**, 23, of Saratoga Lake, broke a 12-year U.S. Bowling team at the No. 1 district on the two- and four-year series. Jimmy Lugg, TERRY O'BRIEN, and RICHARDY HEDMISTAD got to the Olympics for the second time as members of the U.S. large singles team.

FIGURE SKATING—Britain's JOHN CURRY won the men's title at the European championships in Geneva, Switzerland. Russia's Vladimir Kovel, who placed second, DIANNE DELISSE of Paris, France, Calif., taking for The Netherlands took the women's gold medal. IRINA BEDNINA and ALI SANDOR ZAITSEV of the U.S.S.R. shared to their fourth consecutive pairs title, and LUDMILA PAKHOMOVA and ALEXANDER GORSHKOV led a Soviet sweep of six dancing.

PRO FOOTBALL—The PITTSBURGH STEELERS successfully defended their Super Bowl title, defeating the Dallas Cowboys 21-17 in Miami (Nov. 24).

GOLF—BOB GILDER won the \$200,000 Phoenix Open by shooting a 64-over-par 208 to top runner-up Roger Maltbie by two strokes.

PRO HOCKEY—**NHL** With the selection of the World and Campbell conference All-Star teams signaling the season's midway point, Buffalo led the Montreal Canadiens in the Atlantic Division lead, 7-5 to St. Louis after downing Pittsburgh 6-2 in a game in which Johnny Bower scored his 100th goal, the ninth straight year he has accomplished that feat. Boston took last 4-0 against 6-0 as Louie Latta Gilbert stopped 25 shots for his third shutout. Buf-

falo fell four points behind the Bruins after suffering a 7-3 loss to St. Louis, then tackled Pittsburgh's losses and a tie had snatched a Penguin coaching change. Ken Schreier resumed the reins, and Pittsburgh, fighting to stay ahead of Detroit for a playoff berth, topped the Bruins 5-2 to remain four points in front of the Red Wings. Montreal's goalie, the Norris Division vaulted to 22 games after a 4-3 defeat of the second-place Kings. Washington set an NHL record by posting a 20-0 straight win streak, a 5-0 win over the Capitals, and a 3-2 loss to the Capitals, tripping the winless mark held by the 1944 Rangers and 1950 Black Hawks, then lost No. 2-1 to Buffalo and No. 24 to Minnesota 7-3. Chicago extended its Boston lead to nine points with a 2-1 win over second-place Vancouver, after scoring 18 in 1975 to 12-2 with the Seals when goalie Tony Esposito stopped a Denis March penalty shot. Philadelphia incurred its 10th straight loss on its seventh straight win, 7-1 over Kansas City, as Phil-Clayton scored his goal, a league high, and Bobby Clarke became his individual scoring lead in 71 points 122 goals, 49 assists.

WHA Houston dented Chicago 5-4 in overtime, then in a victory of the week and the lone game for the Oilers in their two-week hiatus. While the game was going on, negotiations were under way for the use of seven Cdn players in three other WHA teams, when the league trustees met in Toronto, seemed necessary to announce that Ottawa had formally rejected operations. New England claimed victory in a 1-0 win over the Capitals, picked up the rights to four more and Cleveland grabbed center Gary MacGregor. The remaining players were declared free agents. In the week, the Canadian Division All-Star defeated a combined U.S. team 4-0 in Cleveland. Quebec's second-year forward Rod Chouinard, 19, became the youngest player ever to score in an All-Star game when he broke a 0-0 tie in the second period, he went on to tie a game record by leaving three goals. Winnipeg stayed 100 top in the Canadian Division despite two capitulations by second-place Quebec, losing 4-1 to the Capitals in which Mark Lardie, the league's scoring leader, tallied his 77th and 78th goals, both on power plays. New England increased its Eastern Division lead over the Capitals to six points as Walter Tom Webster extended his scoring streak to 20 games with a goal and three assists in a 3-2 victory. Houston maintained an 11-point edge on third-place Minnesota in the Western Division.

SKING—**INGEMAR STENMARK** of Sweden reasserted the top spot in World Cup standings by placing second in Italy's PRANCI-NEED HILL in the giant slalom at Moirone, France. West Germany's JOCK MITTERMEIER leads the women's standings, downing wins in the slalom and giant slalom by LISE-MARIE MOERHOLD.

AMERICAN CAPTAIN LYLE NELSON of McCabe, Idaho was selected to head the U.S. U.S. Basketball team at the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, after finishing first at the Trials at Lake Placid, N.Y. and Underhill, Vt.

BOXING—**SHARIF KHAN** of Tanzania defeated Victor Niederhoffs of New York 13-1, 15-7, 15-5 to win his seventh North American cockles trophies championship in New York City.

TENNIS—**MARTINA NAVRATILOVA**, defeated CHRIS EVERT 6-3, 6-4 to win the \$75,000 Women's Pro Tournament in Houston.

TRACK & FIELD—**HOUSTON** McTEAR's sprint double 5-1 in the 50 and 4.0 in the 600 highlighted the Sarkis Invitational meet at the Los Angeles Sports Arena (Nov. 27).

MUSPECTS—**HIRD** of the San Francisco area, MONTE CLARK, 36, who becomes the NFL's youngest head coach, Clark scored six seasons as the Miami Dolphins' offensive line coach.

HIRD—**BOBBY BOWEN**, 46, as head football coach at Florida State, following six seasons as head coach (42-26) at West Virginia.

POSTPONED—By the NFL, the veteran and college footballer, pending the outcome of a suit by the Tampa Bay and Seattle teams against the NFL Players Association, seeking clarification on anti-trust laws regarding eligibility of veterans.

RESCINDED—At a meeting of the NCAA in St. Louis, legislation banning the use of marching songs during C-21. Delegates also voted to retain full rights, scholarships and to establish a committee to study the equal application of NCAA rules to women's student-athletes.

RETIRED—**GLENN F. H. WARNER**, 66, winning college soccer coach since 1959, 30 years at the Naval Academy, where he had a 234-145 record and won the 1964 NCAA title.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PATRICK (Lanky) CURRAN, a sophomore golfer on the junior varsity soccer team at Carson (N.Y.) Central School, recorded 23 shutouts in 28 games as the Golden Bears had a two-year record of 27-0-1. Patrick never allowed more than one goal in any game.



BILL KRUEGER, 40, basketball coach at Clear Lake High in Houston for the past four years, marked his 500th win after 19 years of high school coaching with a 53-50 victory over Lincoln High. In 11 seasons in his school district, his record is 370-45.



JULIE GAUERT, a senior at Sabauo High School in Tucson, has led her volleyball team to consecutive division and state championships, with the Cougars undefeated in 36 matches. This season's only returning starter, Julie was named all-division and all-state both years.



DREXEL LAWSON, a senior at North Dakota School for the Deaf, won the 100-meter dash in 10.7 at the Pan American Games for the Deaf at Maracaibo, Venezuela. In 1975, Lawson was unbeaten in sprints and was his state's High School Athlete of the Year.



BILL MCCHESNEY, 17, a junior at South Eugene High School, holds national age-group marks in the six-mile (28:31.2) and 10,000 meters (29:27.2), won his second state high school cross-country title and led the Assevent to a fourth straight state title.



BARRY CRANE, a television producer-director from Studio City, Calif., won his fifth William E. McCracken Trophy, given yearly by the American Contract Bridge League for highest total of master points. Only Charles Goren, with eight, has won it more often.

CREDITS

4—Tommy Bond, 14, 15—Walter Jones 5, 16, 17, 18—John Gremmer, 19, 20—Mike Latta, 19, 21—John Gremmer, 19—Ken Beyer-Gomez 5, 16, 17—Clark 42, 43—Gremmer 48, 49—Clark 44—Clark 45—Clark 46—Clark 47—Clark 48—Clark 49—Clark 50—Clark 51—Clark 52—Clark 53—Clark 54—Clark 55—Clark 56—Clark 57—Clark 58—Clark 59—Clark 60—Clark 61—Clark 62—Clark 63—Clark 64—Clark 65—Clark 66—Clark 67—Clark 68—Clark 69—Clark 70—Clark 71—Clark 72—Clark 73—Clark 74—Clark 75—Clark 76—Clark 77—Clark 78—Clark 79—Clark 80—Clark 81—Clark 82—Clark 83—Clark 84—Clark 85—Clark 86—Clark 87—Clark 88—Clark 89—Clark 90—Clark 91—Clark 92—Clark 93—Clark 94—Clark 95—Clark 96—Clark 97—Clark 98—Clark 99—Clark 100—Clark 101—Clark 102—Clark 103—Clark 104—Clark 105—Clark 106—Clark 107—Clark 108—Clark 109—Clark 110—Clark 111—Clark 112—Clark 113—Clark 114—Clark 115—Clark 116—Clark 117—Clark 118—Clark 119—Clark 120—Clark 121—Clark 122—Clark 123—Clark 124—Clark 125—Clark 126—Clark 127—Clark 128—Clark 129—Clark 130—Clark 131—Clark 132—Clark 133—Clark 134—Clark 135—Clark 136—Clark 137—Clark 138—Clark 139—Clark 140—Clark 141—Clark 142—Clark 143—Clark 144—Clark 145—Clark 146—Clark 147—Clark 148—Clark 149—Clark 150—Clark 151—Clark 152—Clark 153—Clark 154—Clark 155—Clark 156—Clark 157—Clark 158—Clark 159—Clark 160—Clark 161—Clark 162—Clark 163—Clark 164—Clark 165—Clark 166—Clark 167—Clark 168—Clark 169—Clark 170—Clark 171—Clark 172—Clark 173—Clark 174—Clark 175—Clark 176—Clark 177—Clark 178—Clark 179—Clark 180—Clark 181—Clark 182—Clark 183—Clark 184—Clark 185—Clark 186—Clark 187—Clark 188—Clark 189—Clark 190—Clark 191—Clark 192—Clark 193—Clark 194—Clark 195—Clark 196—Clark 197—Clark 198—Clark 199—Clark 200—Clark 201—Clark 202—Clark 203—Clark 204—Clark 205—Clark 206—Clark 207—Clark 208—Clark 209—Clark 210—Clark 211—Clark 212—Clark 213—Clark 214—Clark 215—Clark 216—Clark 217—Clark 218—Clark 219—Clark 220—Clark 221—Clark 222—Clark 223—Clark 224—Clark 225—Clark 226—Clark 227—Clark 228—Clark 229—Clark 230—Clark 231—Clark 232—Clark 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1303—Clark 1304—Clark 1305—Clark 1306—Clark 1307—Clark 1308—Clark 1309—Clark 1310—Clark 1311—Clark 1312—Clark 1313—Clark 1314—Clark 131

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BOWLS

Sir:

Joe Jares' article (*When It Came To Pass*, *UCLA News Now*, Jan. 12) provided a valid sum-up of the Buckeyes' ponic operation in the second half of the Rose Bowl game. I felt the factors that really upset Ohio State were UCLA Coach Dick Vermeil's halftime adjustments, superior conditioning of the Bruins and lack of Buckeye consensus planning for "catch-up" football. A coaching coup for Vermeil!

FRANK R. WYNN

Los Alamitos, Calif.

Sir:

Hopefully, the next time the Big Ten loses in the Rose Bowl it will occur to you to describe it as something besides an upset. Each year we see the same old thing: Michigan and Ohio State take turns pummeling weak Big Ten teams, soar to the top of the polls, then play each other in their annual one-game season, which Michigan invariably loses. We then see Ohio State coming out here, ranked just above Antila the Hun and the Afro-Afrika Korps, where they are "upset" by a Pac-8 team that wasn't supposed to show up without the Red Cross.

Pay attention, now. The Big Ten has lost in six of its last seven Rose Bowl appearances. Ohio State has lost in four of its last five visits. In fact, the Big Ten has lost 11 of the last 17 Rose Bowl games played.

Do you spot a trend?

JOHN R. HUDSON

Anaheim, Calif.

Sir:

As unbelievable as this may sound, I could have sworn that I saw a major bowl game between Arkansas and Georgia on Jan. 1, 1976. I think it was called the Cotton Bowl. I swear I can see it just as plain as day—a magnificently improved Arkansas team coming from behind, causing turnovers, executing beautifully and generally stomping a pretty good Georgia team. But since it didn't appear in your bowl game coverage, I assume that I was just dreaming.

Uh, oh. Wait a second. Here's something: Under College Football in 1976 THE RECORD: "Arkansas rallied from a 10-0 deficit . . ." Four whole lines. Thanks, fellas.

RALPH B. PATTERSON

Little Rock, Ark.

Sir:

For once I agree with Bear Bryant (*Wax & Bottle, Lose a War*, Jan. 12) "Playing one

game for the national title" does put "too much pressure on the player." That "one game" was the season's opener, when Missouri, the fourth-best team in the Big Eight, beat Alabama handily. The remainder of the Tide's perennially easy schedule was a disgrace. If Coach Bryant wants a national title so badly, I have one for him, the "National Scheduling Championship!"

DEREK H. DETREN

Presque Isle, Maine

THE HARDY BOY

Sir:

SI picked Bruce Hardy of Utah as the best high school athlete in 1974 and ran his picture on the cover. Perhaps you are unaware that he was in another picture in SI (Jan. 5), holding the football for Dan Kusch to kick the winning field goal in Arizona State's 17-14 win over Nebraska in the Dec. 26 Fiesta Bowl.

Hardy started the 1975 season as a quarterback for the Sun Devils but made the switch to tight end when Coach Frank Kush felt he could be used better there.

THOMAS E. STAPLETON JR.

Scottsdale, Ariz.

LEGGY AWARDS

Sir:

While William Leggett failed to cite the worst sports announcer for 1975 (*Year of Hype and Hype*, Jan. 12), I'm sure I speak for millions of fans in nominating Curt Gowdy for that honor. His constant irrelevant or just plain incorrect comments about the sports he covers are no longer even funny. My friends and I used to bet on how long it would take Curt to make his first blunder. We never waited too long. His fumbling attempts to get attention after someone else has made a statement reveal his lack of expertise and detract from an otherwise very fine sports presentation by NBC.

MICHAEL KELLY

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Allow me to make the first nomination for this year's "Ah, We Remember It Well" category: Jim Simpson's repeated description of No. 18 as "the most sagacious hole on the course" during NBC's coverage of the Tucson Open.

In nominating Simpson I must note that No. 16 seemed equally wise and No. 15 also showed sound judgment upon occasion.

BILLY HENNING

Knoxville, Tenn.

THE 17 STEPS

Sir:

We were surprised at your hasty acknowledgment of Oklahoma as the top team in the country (*Ohio State Fold*, *It's Oklahoma's* *Por*, Jan. 12). You have overlooked the obvious method for determining the national champion and have thus overlooked the obvious national champion as well—Williams College. Had you examined the results of the 1975-76 season more closely, you, too, would have recognized Williams' claim. In just 17 short steps the undefeated Williams Ephs have established a convincing victory over the Oklahoma Sooners, previously considered the top team:

1. Williams 22, Bowdoin 7
2. Bowdoin 19, Bates 6
3. Bates 25, C. W. Post 22
4. C. W. Post 21, AIC 0
5. AIC 33, Springfield 18
6. Springfield 17, New Hampshire 12
7. New Hampshire 35, Lehigh 21
8. Lehigh 38, Colgate 6
9. Colgate 16, Citadel 0
10. Citadel 13, Furman 9
11. Furman 30, Appalachian St. 23
12. Appalachian St. 19, Wake Forest 17
13. Wake Forest 30, No. Carolina St. 22
14. No. Carolina St. 15, Penn St. 14
15. Penn St. 7, Pitt 6
16. Pitt 33, Kansas 19
17. Kansas 23, Oklahoma 3

RANDY STURGES

RAY WEAVER

TIM DUNN

Williamstown, Mass.

WILD CARD

Sir:

Your Jan. 12 issue contains a mistake that I feel should be rectified. You said that the Cowboys were the first wild-card team to win a title and go to the Super Bowl. Wrong. The Kansas City Chiefs won the AFL title in 1969 and participated in Super Bowl IV even though they finished second in the Western Division to Oakland.

JIM FRASURE

Allen, Ky.

• Wrong. The wild card was not in the deal until 1970 when the entire playoff format was changed.—ED.

RESERVE JUDGMENTS

Sir:

With baseball's reserve clause up in the air (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 5), I have a modest suggestion for a replacement. A player would

be allowed to play out his option. However, there would be a limit on the number of players who have played out their options with other teams that any one club could sign in one year. For example, if fewer than 10 players in the majors played out their options, no club could sign more than two players. If the number was between 10 and 20, the limit would be three, and so on. This would ensure that the richer clubs could not sign up all of the better players.

This proposal would give more freedom to the players and still preserve the structure of the sport.

PHILIP LENZ

Verona, N.J.

NFL ALIGNMENT (CONT.)

Sir

Regarding your suggestions in SCORECARD (Dec. 22-29), if we overcome our prejudices as to who belongs in which conference, the following NFL lineups appear logical.

AFC EAST

Atlanta
Tampa Bay
Miami
Washington
Baltimore

NFC EAST

N.Y. Giants
N.Y. Jets
New England
Philadelphia

AFC CENTRAL

Buffalo
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Pittsburgh

NFC CENTRAL

Denver
Chicago
Detroit
Green Bay
Minnesota

AFC WEST

Seattle
San Francisco
Oakland
Los Angeles
San Diego

NFC WEST

Dallas
St. Louis
Kansas City
Houston
New Orleans

This arrangement could accomplish a number of things. For example:

1) The many local rivalries would create more intense fan interest, resulting in increased attendance.

2) Less travel would mean fresher players and better-quality performances—not to mention the resultant savings in energy and travel expenses.

3) Draft policies might become more locally oriented. Teams might select local talent to capitalize on fan identity and, not incidentally, to increase ticket sales. If this were to happen, it is just possible that players would carry over some of the "old college spirit" that many people say is lacking in the pros.

On the other hand, players might be reluctant to join teams in the NFC East or in either central division because of the cold climate in the late season. But to counteract

continued



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18TH HOLE *continued*

this, league rules could be revised to eliminate the requirement that teams in the same division play each other twice. By having them meet once, then rotating the balance of the schedule around the league, the NFL could give local fans a look at more teams each year, and we could all be spared the boredom of watching the Rams beat up on the Saints twice or the Raiders trying their best to stay awake during two games with the Chargers.

After we resolve the NFL lineup situation, which has plagued the country for years, we can all turn our efforts toward helping Congress alleviate some of our lesser problems.

JOSEPH S. SHULL

San Ramon, Calif.

MODEL BUILDERS

Sir:

I was thinking that even nostalgia isn't what it used to be, until I read J. D. Reed's delightful article on modeling *(It's a Small World, Jan. 5)*. What beautiful memories it resurrected! Like being able to purchase all the tubes of glue (Dad I say "glue"!) We called it "model cement") you wanted without automatically being suspected of stiffening the stuff. And telling your mother you were going out to buy some more "dope" and attracting only an "All right, honey, but don't get it on the carpet."

Many of my models were constructed while I faithfully listened to Mutual's game of the day. (You can still tell by my shaky paint jobs the points where Duke Snider homered or Carl Furillo threw a Dodger for out at the plate at Ebbets Field.) The models and my collection of Topps baseball cards now repose together in a quiet corner of the attic. Thanks for helping to re-create a forgotten drama of youthful bliss.

ROY A. JONES II

Arlene, Texas

Sir:

Although you mentioned cars, planes, ships and a variety of military and other models, I noted a lack of emphasis on truck models. There are many truck modelers who are into detail and accuracy just as the military modelers are. I've recently completed a model truck that I detailed as the "Spirit of '76."

DON SHENK

Lancaster, Pa.

Sir:

J. D. Reed's article was as delightful to read as artist Shepherd Paine's models were to look at.

DANIEL CHILOWICZ

Jerome, N.Y.

Sir:

Come on, who are you kidding? A feature article on the "sport" of model building!

Now I suppose in the next few months we'll have a feature article on the "sport" of building an electric train set. Give us genuine sports enthusiasts a break. Stick to articles on real sport.

JOSEPH DUSZA

Toledo

STINGERS

Sir:

After reading your Jan. 5 SCORECARD item on John Jay Wilhelm's game, I began to wonder:

If the Colts played the Broncos, would both teams go into a stall?

If the Bulls played the Bears, would the public take any stock in it?

If the Pirates played the Raiders, would they let a Kaid in free?

If the Hawks played the Padres, would the game hinge on a wing or a prayer?

If the Oilers played at Detroit, would the Pistons renegotiate?

If the Tigers played the Lions, would they allow the reserve claws?

If the Stingers played the Spurs, what would be the point?

WILLIAM H. B. HOWARD

Jopka, Md.

Sir:

If the Stingers played the Hornets, would it be a honey of a game?

If the Whalers played the Dolphins, would anyone bet a fin on the outcome?

If the Vikings played the Celts, would Howard Cosell have the Gaul to broadcast the game?

GEORGE H. KIESCHULAM

Huntsville, Ala.

Sir:

If the Lions played the Colts, would it be the mane attraction?

If the Oilers played the Pistons, would Detroit play rings around them?

JOHN F. MACGREGOR, M.D.

Owosso, Mich.

Sir:

If the 49ers played the Nuggets, would the game pan out?

If the Fighting Saints played the Angels, would the game have much spirit?

If the Astros played the Rockets, would the game be out of sight?

If the Oilers played the Seahawks, would there be a slick outcome?

If the 76ers played the Patriots, well, that's the way it was 200 years ago today.

L. A. JAY

Sebastopol, Calif.

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